HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1908.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1893.

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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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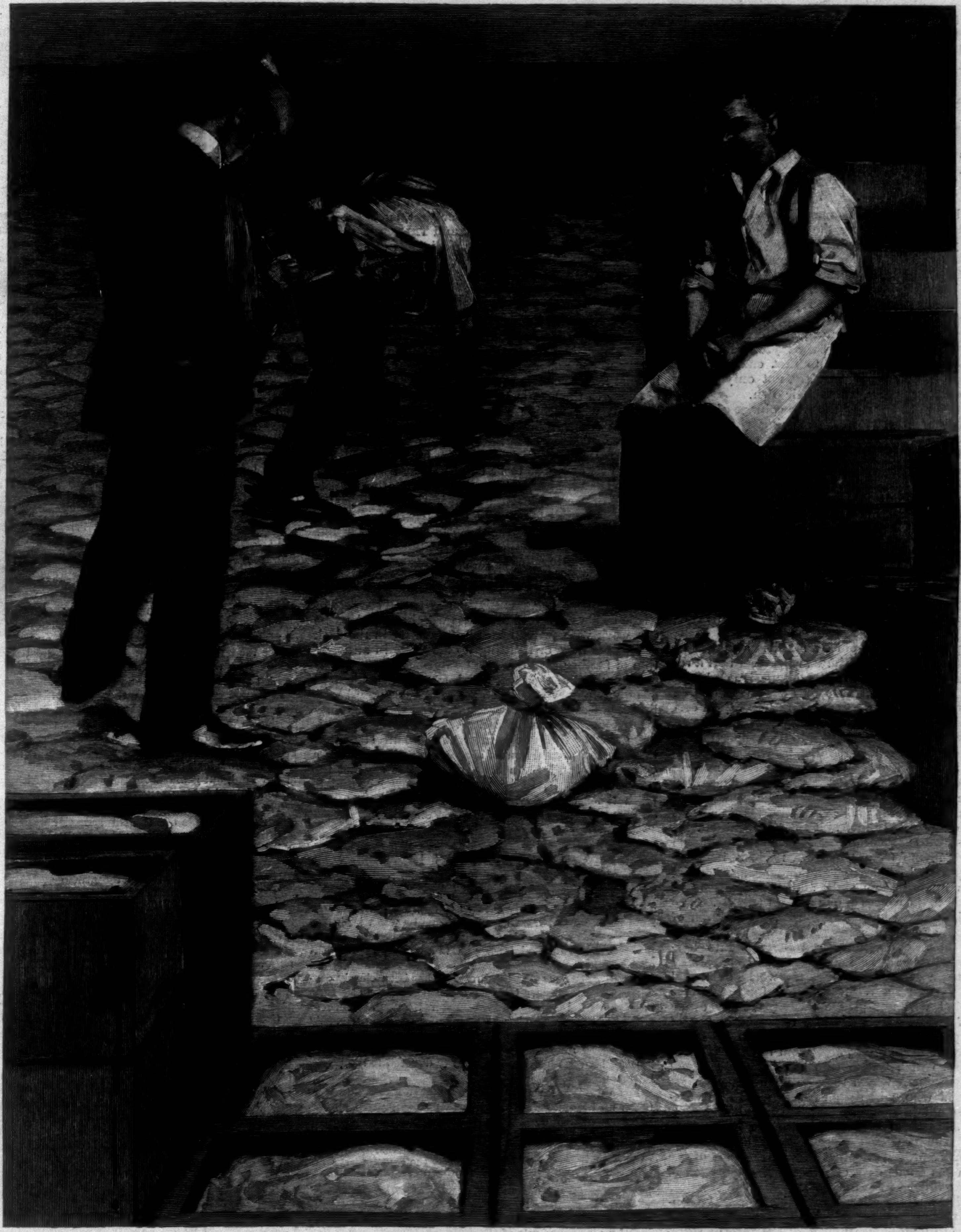


INSIDE A TREASURY VAULT IN WASHINGTON.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from a Photograph by Bell.
Taking the Bags of Silver out to be Weighed.—[See Page 670.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

PUBLISHED

New York City, July 15, 1893.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has acted wisely in calling Congress together at an earlier day than he originally intended, and also in giving no other reason for his call than the necessity of relieving the country of the injurious financial legislation which has caused so much disaster. As it was understood that the President delayed the calling of the extra session because he was in doubt as to whether a majority of Congress could be found for the repeal of the SHERMAN law, the issuing of the call indicates that his doubt has been removed, and this has served in a great measure to mitigate the prevailing distrust as to the future. And if the deliberations of Congress are, at the beginning of the session at least, confined to the financial problem, to the exclusion, for the time being, of the tariff question, there will be no danger of trading and log-rolling between the advocates of high duties and the friends of a sound currency. It is a fortunate circumstance that the Democratic majority in both Houses has it in its power to keep these two subjects strictly apart. It is to be hoped that the Democratic leaders will see the importance of carrying the repeal of the SHERMAN act pure and simple, without anything else in the same act. Further financial legislation looking to the future should form the subject of a separate measure. The silver men will, no doubt, endeavor to prevent the passage of the repeal by moving all sorts of substitutes, and the danger is that in this way they may greatly embarrass and delay its passage. Their leaders are now busy laying their plans and organizing a campaign to that end, showing thereby again how blind they are, not only to the interests of the country, but to their own.

The cessation in India of the free coinage of silver for private account is the most striking symptom of a movement that has been irresistibly pressing forward ever since the great increase in the world's production of silver permanently depressed the market value of that metal. The tendency toward the recognition by all commercial nations of gold as the standard of values has become so decided and so strong that at last the nations most wedded to the use of silver as a money metal are giving up their vain attempts to resist it, and those of them that are guided by the most prudent financial counsel do so first, although the difficulties they have to overcome are very perplexing. This is the significance of the act of the Council of India. That this act will considerably accelerate the movement toward the general acceptance of the gold standard is a matter of course. The signs of the times are so clear that it requires a high degree of folly to misconceive and misinterpret them. But it is to be feared that of this folly there still exists a considerable quantity in certain parts of the United States.

We are by no means inclined to make sport of the business disturbance and the distress which the sudden fall in the price of silver causes in the mining districts of the West. But the miners and smelters would be entitled to much more sympathy were not our present financial troubles and disasters in a great measure owing to the fact that the silver-miners' interest has by all sorts of means extorted unreasonable legislative favors from Congress, made it its business to spread unwholesome and dangerous financial doctrines among the people, and thus contributed very much to the causes of our present trouble. The silver miners have long been the spoiled children of the nation, and there is something pitiably infantile in their present conduct when they go into hysteric spasms and rave about a universal conspiracy against them of the gold bugs the world over, and threaten to set up a Western empire for themselves if mankind will not pledge them $1 29 for every ounce of silver, simply because the government of India is prudently taking steps to get out of the wet. However, we should not judge them too harshly. It is always so with people who have received favors from government which they ought not to have received, and who, when such favors are to be withdrawn, complain that bad men are feloniously plotting to strip them of their inalienable, God-given rights. The protected manufacturer is no better who piously protests against every reduction of the tariff on his goods as a criminal attempt to disturb the divine order of the universe.

But if the silver miners, instead of foolishly continuing their struggle against the inevitable, would now stop to take breath and look the present situation soberly in the face, it would be greatly to their own advantage as well as that of the American people at large. It is a common experience that when a certain event, especially in things economic, is sure to take place, those will suffer from it the least loss, or secure from it the greatest benefit, who accommodate themselves to it most promptly and completely. That the silver miners, except those of them who can produce the article at the lowest cost, have stopped, or are going to stop work, is undoubtedly wise. The price of silver will be exposed to considerable fluctuation, and these fluctuations will be especially incalculable and violent so long as there are uncertain quantities of importance in the situation the effect of which nobody can foresee. Such an uncertain quantity is the impending repeal of the SHERMAN law, and the disposition to be made of the large mass of silver bullion in the Treasury. Nobody can predict what the effect of these things upon the market price of silver will be. That it will be depressing can hardly be doubted. But how far the depression may go nobody is able to predict. The obvious consequence is that every prudent business man who may want silver for use in the arts, or for other purposes, will in the face of the probability of lower prices be inclined to put off his purchases as long as he can. There will, of necessity, be a smaller number of purchasers in the market, and a stronger disposition for short selling than for buying in anticipation of a rise, just so long as the dark cloud of those uncertain quantities hangs over us.

To remove these uncertain quantities as quickly as possible is therefore the evident interest of every man in the business. In what direction they must and ultimately will be removed is now clear to every person of ordinary sagacity. Only men who have grown delirious on the subject, such as Mr. BLAND and Senators STEWART and TELLER, will still believe in the possibility of free coinage in this country. That the SHERMAN law will be repealed, that the monthly silver purchases will be stopped, and that some method will be found to rid the government of the useless stock of silver bullion on its hands is as certain ultimately to happen as it is that the American people are one of the civilized nations of the world. The only question is when; and surely nobody should be in a greater hurry to have it done than the silver miners themselves. The use of silver in the arts is large and constantly increasing. It will receive a new impulse, and this will produce a favorable effect upon the market price of silver as soon as the business men who use silver cease to wait with their purchases for a lower price. Silver will continue to be employed as a subsidiary coin and as a limited legal tender. Only after the settlement of the pending question in the United States will it be possible to estimate how largely it will be so employed and how this will affect the silver market. Only then the fluctuations in that market will not, indeed, cease altogether, but cease to be very fitful and violent. Only then will the demand for silver become again natural and steady, instead of being artificial and subject to collapses. Only then will the producer of silver be able again to calculate whether and how he can work with profit, instead of working in the dark as he does now, or shutting up his mine in anticipation of further disaster.

The repeal of the SHERMAN law and the settlement of our monetary system on the gold basis may be delayed, but cannot be prevented. Delay means only the protraction of a disease. While prompt action is demanded by the general interest, those directly interested in the production of silver, instead of raising a corruption fund for a bootless struggle against the inevitable, ought to be the first to urge it, and to pitch those of their leaders who advise them to the contrary overboard as their worst enemies.

THE PRESIDENT'S REST.

THE President has left Washington for a short vacation, and has gone to his pleasant home at the sea-side for rest and health. He is richly entitled to enjoy perfect freedom from business and from annoyance, and he was wise in lingering on his way, and in finding all the pleasure and recuperation to be had in a loitering sail in a well-equipped yacht over smiling seas.

For four long months the President has been closely confined in Washington. Once he escaped from the city for a Sunday with his friend Ambassador BAYARD. Once or twice he has gone down the Potomac for a fishing trip. At the end of May he spent several days in this refreshing and invigorating recreation. But these were brief play-spells. Most of his time has been sedulously devoted to the public business.

For quite two months the days at the White House were taken up by office-seekers who had no compassion on Mr. CLEVELAND and no regard for the welfare of the country. Their interest was self-centred, and to that the President was compelled to yield his own and the country's time, until he put an end to the persecution by the courageous order which is still remembered. No one not having personal knowledge of the daily sessions which the President held with these persistent gentlemen can realize the waste of physical energy that he endured. As reported by trustworthy correspondents of the daily newspapers, it was long after midnight that he was able to finish his routine correspondence.

During and since that time he has been in constant consultation with the leaders of Congress on the financial question. Wall Street was frightened, and held up to the mind of the President the fearful vision of a panic. He was urged to issue bonds, to call an early session. The hopes and expectations of the office-seekers and the needs of the country were heavy upon him. He did his utmost to meet them, and no doubt he is very tired.

He has called an extra session of Congress, which will meet in less than a month. It will be a very important session, and there will be a long, perhaps a bitter, struggle between the free-coinage and the anti-silver men over the proposition to repeal the SHERMAN act. There has been nothing in the recent Congressional history of the country so exciting as this extra session promises to be, and the President must bear the weight of it, must resist appeals, must use his utmost power to accomplish what he desires and what the good of the country requires. Moreover, he is now suffering from an attack of his old enemy rheumatism, which seizes upon him at this season every year. This will probably be more effective than anything else in keeping off intruders.

It is to be hoped that both politicians and patriots will realize the President's need of rest, and will leave him alone. He ought not to be annoyed by importunities for office nor by suggestions of a graver nature. There will be opportunity and time for all of these when he returns to Washington. In the mean time he should be left to the quiet of his family, to the recovery of his health, and afterward, if it be possible, to the enjoyment of his boat, to the recuperative pleasure of fishing in the broad and fruitful waters of Buzzard's Bay. The more rest the President has in this vacation the better will it be for his administration and for the country.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

THERE was a great marriage in St. James's Palace, in the Chapel Royal, on Thursday last. It was the wedding of the young man and the young woman who, it is fondly hoped, will some time sit upon the throne of England and rule the destinies of an empire.

As a state event it was the most momentous marriage that has taken place in Great Britain since the groom's father, the Prince of Wales, married the groom's mother, ALEXANDRA of Denmark, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the 10th of March, 1863. There must be a succession through the sons of that marriage, or the crown will go to the Duchess of Fife, and a subject will be Prince Consort—something that would be intolerable to the nobility of England and Scotland, some of whom have now the precedence of the Duke of Fife in his own right.

It seems to have been the determination of the heads of the English royal family that Princess MARY of Teck should be the bride of the heir-presumptive. By decree she had been affianced to the elder son of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence, and when that unfortunate young man died before the wedding-day, the royal cousin was selected as the bride for the successor to the heirdom. It was fixed that she should be Queen, and in the nature of things, the kingdom remaining stable, and she outliving the Prince of Wales, she will be Queen, and her progeny will be Kings or Queens of Great Britain and Emperors or Empresses of India.

The likenesses of these royal personages will be found elsewhere in this issue of the WEEKLY. They are pictures of persons who bear no stamp of genius, and yet in them repose the hopes of loyal England, of the great numbers of people who regard the throne as a bulwark and defence against modern radicalism and iconoclasm.

If the young man possesses the virtues of his grandmother and mother, English liberty has nothing to fear from his accession to the throne, and English virtue will not be shocked. If he have the social tact of his father, English social graces will rule at the palace. The Duke of York—for that is the future King's present title—has given no sign of genius of any kind, but genius would be misplaced if it were granted to an English king.

The bride, like most English royal brides, is very popular. The English people of this century have always manifested a strong affection for their royal women. It is said that she is an English princess, and that not a trace of the family German accent is to be found in her speech.

It is to be hoped that both the groom and the bride will do their utmost to promote freedom of thought and speech and action in the ancient kingdom over which it may be their privilege to reign, and that during that reign the domestic virtues may have as uncompromising a champion as is she who is now rounding out the fifty-sixth year of her reign.

AN ADVOCATE OF COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER'S Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge must be rated as an important event in athletics. It came in the same week as two Yale-Harvard ball-matches and the boat-races at New London, yet it fairly held up its head and commanded attention even in company with such rivals. General WALKER'S experience at the head of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology qualifies him to speak of college athletics both as an observer and as an educator. The institute is something between a college and a professional school, and while it deals in athletics, it is not under the imputation of athletic excess.

There was very little of apology or extenuation in his address. Reverting to the days long "before the war," he reviews the traditional aspirations of the college youth of those times, in which, he says, literary societies flourished and oratory was in demand, and young gentlemen with high foreheads brushed back their hair to make their phreno-

logical development seem loftier. "Mind and soul" were the only things to be admired in those days. "Mere bigness" inspired contempt, strength was believed to be closely akin to brutality; and positive danger to spirituality and even to morals was thought to lie in physical force. "Languor and pallor were attractive, delicacy of frame and limb was admired." The body was something to be "kept under," and seemed easier to keep under if it was small and weak. But gradually grew up the realization that morbid or feeble conditions of the body tended to generate delusions and evil impulses, and that a good mind in a strong and healthy body was in the position most favorable to sound and advantageous thought. Then, fostered by the movement which is remembered as "muscular Christianity," and encouraged by the civil war, college athletics developed fast and steadily, until it has come to be believed by a host of worthy people that the colleges are simply going wild, and that the whole traditional system of education is going to the bow-wows.

But General WALKER is not of that host. He is not worried about the colleges or the traditional system of education. He frankly esteems the typical contemporary graduate, in spite of his biceps and chest measurement, to be better qualified for the business of living than his predecessor of forty years ago. He makes a distinction between gymnastics, merely intended to develop the physique and keep the body in health, and athletics, which are exercise stimulated by competition. The value of gymnastics he considers self-evident, but he also warmly defends and encourages athletics when judiciously conducted and limited by a reasonable discretion. He by no means condemns what he calls "the excellent, virtuous notion that all young men go to college to make themselves scholars," but he shows a kindness for the idea that sports that demand—besides mere strength and swiftness—steadiness of nerve, quickness of apprehension, coolness, resourcefulness, self-knowledge, self-reliance, and the power of combination are of value for the development of a useful manhood. Nor does he attribute it as a fault to college athletics that they amuse the spectators. On the contrary, he rates it to their credit, though as perhaps the least important thing to be said in their favor, that they call men in great throngs out into the open air, arouse in them an interest in something besides money-getting, and "wonderfully light up the life of our people." He finds it also a good result of intercollegiate contests that they help to check the prevailing tendency toward selfish individualism, and develop something akin to patriotism and public spirit. Yet one detail of this development he objects to, condemning as unsportsmanlike the "system of organized cheering by great bodies of collegians grouped together for the purpose, with chosen youths of peculiar gesticulatory graces and pre-eminent lung power to start the movement and 'deacon off' the shouting." The abolition of that feature he considers one of the first things that should receive the attention of all lovers of fair play.

It is true that General WALKER has spoken as the advocate of college athletics rather than in the judicial spirit as an observer of their effects. Much more can be said in behalf of mere "mind and soul" than he has set forth, and more, too, in derogation of mere "beef and brawn." Nevertheless, it can at least be said that the sentiments which he expresses are representative sentiments. The college education in which athletics take a prominent part is satisfactory to many adult citizens whose opinions, as General WALKER has expressed them, are entitled to be respected, and are respected by the presidents of colleges. Theoretically it is as possible to-day as it ever was to get a college education without any athletics in it at all. It should not surely be attributed as a defect to the contemporary university that it offers all the intellectual training that its predecessors gave, and throws in gratis, for those who want it, the modern system of university athletics.

AN INSTANCE OF DEGENERATION.

THIS will undoubtedly be the greatest year for railroad travel ever known in this country. With the stimulus of the World's Fair to woo people forth upon the rail, the increase over any previous year's travel must prove to be simply enormous. What, on the whole, will be the fact in connection with the railroads which will most strongly impress itself upon this great army of Columbian travellers? Will it be the greater elegance and comfort of the coaches, the increase in the speed of the trains, or the ease with which great crowds are handled and close connections made? We suppose that these things will impress many—the thoughtless and those accustomed to look on the surface only. Indeed, these things are not to be disregarded wholly—they have their importance even for the thoughtful—but we believe that the one fact which will most forcibly strike the clear thinker and trained observer will be the frightful decadence of the American passenger-train brakeman.

A person does not need to be very old to remember when a railroad brakeman was something besides an ornament. It was before the introduction of air-brakes. This sort of brakeman was still numerous, perhaps universal, twenty years ago. In those days a brakeman, as it were, broke. It was the Heroic Age of the brakeman. How easy to conjure up pictures of him! He was, in the first place, a full-sized man physically. Often he might have gone on the police force, had he not scorned the life as effeminate and calculated to take the spirit out of a man. His lower jaw was invariably inclined to be heavy, indicating the firmness which was always his. He seldom made any pretensions to beauty of face. Such things were beneath him. There was a slight cynical cast to his countenance; and he had, when speaking to you, a habit of gazing over your head, as if you were directly in his path, and the quicker you moved to one side and allowed him to advance without stepping on you the better it would please him. Indeed, sometimes he would not speak to you at all. This was especially the case if he believed you to be "somebody"—the Governor of the State, or something of that sort. He respected the conductor and the president of the road, but beyond these he looked upon the human race as simply so many units to be baffled in their desire to have a seat turned, or to learn the name of the second station ahead. His only visible dissipation was the consumption of quantities of tobacco, always of the "plug" variety. In a weaker man this might have been offensive, but in him it seemed merely the use of part of his natural food. In fact, if we make no mistake, he always referred to it as "eatin' tobacker." He never sought to borrow this article of diet, but, properly approached up by the front stove, he would not, when it was offered him, refuse to take a generous bite from a passenger's personal supply.

But it was while in action that the old-time brakeman showed to the greatest advantage. How he swung himself, and twisted those brake-wheels till it seemed as if they must come up by their iron roots! Old travellers can never be made fully to believe that this flimsy WESTINGHOUSE apparatus can set the brakes like the old-fashioned brakeman. Then his announcement of the stations, in a deep bass voice, unintelligible but not unpleasing, was something worth hearing. It filled the car and woke up the sleeping passengers in the seat by the rear stove. We regret to say that the early-day brakeman often, while standing on the platform, swore violently at things in general and in particular. We say regret, though many worthy people often got much comfort from this habit, in precisely the same way as did the pious old lady in the storm at sea, who stopped in her prayer long enough to catch the profane remarks of the sailors, and to say, fervently, "Thank goodness, they are still swearing—they can't think it's very dangerous yet." So when the car swayed around a sharp curve, or bumped over a broken rail, the timid passenger clung to the fierce hexameter profanity of the brakeman on the platform and was reassured.

But our purpose was more particularly to speak of the present-day brakeman. But what can we say of such a brakeman? Never before was there such degeneration in so short a time. Shorn of his usefulness by the air-brake, he has been left a victim of evolution, an organ without a purpose. He is young, small, weak; he smokes cigarettes when off duty, and knows no more about the use of tobacco than a sperm-whale. He answers a passenger's question in a courteous disgusting manner, and announces the stations in a soprano voice, often so that the name can be understood. His sole active duty is to keep the ventilators shut. He does it, but the old brakeman used to nail them shut before the train started, and thrash the first man he caught looking at them as if he didn't approve of it. The present brakeman could no more twist a brake till the chain creaked and the sparks shot from the car-wheels than he could go into Wall Street and twist a railroad till the stockholders creaked and the dollars shot from their pockets.

The American passenger-train brakeman of to-day offers a constant temptation to the old traveller to get up and take him by the ear and lead him away into the baggage-car, out of sight.

THINGS TALKED OF

COMMENT on new books does not come within this department of the WEEKLY unless the book is or is likely to be distinctly a thing talked of. That, we should say, lets in Mr. William Henry Bishop's little volume on *A House-hunter in Europe*, just published by Harper & Brothers. There is no subject of more general conversation among intelligent Americans of to-day than the possibility of a residence for a moderate term abroad—not a journey, nor yet a permanent home, but of living for two or three or four years in some place that shall have the charm of the Old World, the healthfulness that we are accustomed to in our own country, and a cost not beyond the reach of a modest income. On this subject Mr. Bishop sheds a good deal of light. He does not, with the unerring definiteness of a guide-book writer, point out a series of places in which you shall find a perfect climate, an assortment of historic associations, a cheap and healthful house, and other specific gifts of divine Providence. But he gives you a fair amount of accurate and detailed information, and—what is important, perhaps, to a much larger class of his readers—he gives you an account of his own experiences as a "hunter," which is full of delightful humor, and is so frank, so honest, so informed with a wise and simple philosophy, that you are content. The faculty of candid and sympathetic observation, the happy mean between egotism and impersonality, is a rare one, and Mr. Bishop has it in a rare degree. You close his book with a feeling that you have gained acquaintance with a phase of life abroad, interesting and charming in itself, and made more so by the winning—if we may be pardoned a French phrase, the *attachant*—quality of the writer.

THERE may be members of the French Chamber old enough to remember the days of '48, and they may well have been reminded of these on the 3d of July, when a crowd of disorderly students, some 1000 strong, swarmed around the doors of the Chamber until they had to be closed against them, and then a committee of ten was admitted to demand the upsetting of the ministry by a vote of censure. The motive of this demand was of small consequence, but the scene was disgraceful. There is no real wrong that cannot be legally righted in France without storming the legislature, and that a gang of boys and youngsters mostly in their teens should be permitted to interrupt the proceedings of a representative Assembly charged with the care of the great interests of the whole commonwealth shows how curiously backward is the development of the idea of liberty regulated by law in France. For it is now no longer possible to believe that the law is either made or enforced for the advantage of any one class. By abuse of the law one class may have an advantage for a time, but the abuse is exposed to the corrective force of public opinion and free suffrage. The government is substantially self-government. The army—the ultimate reliance of every government—is no longer an instrument of despotism, but is made up of the young men of all classes, and is itself representative. In these circumstances and conditions the interest of all is in the maintenance of order, and an Assembly that would permit such a scandalous insult to the dignity of the people is guilty of a sort of indirect treason. In the long-run the French will learn that under a republic respect for law is the highest self-respect, and that self-respect is a condition of strength, peace, and prosperity.

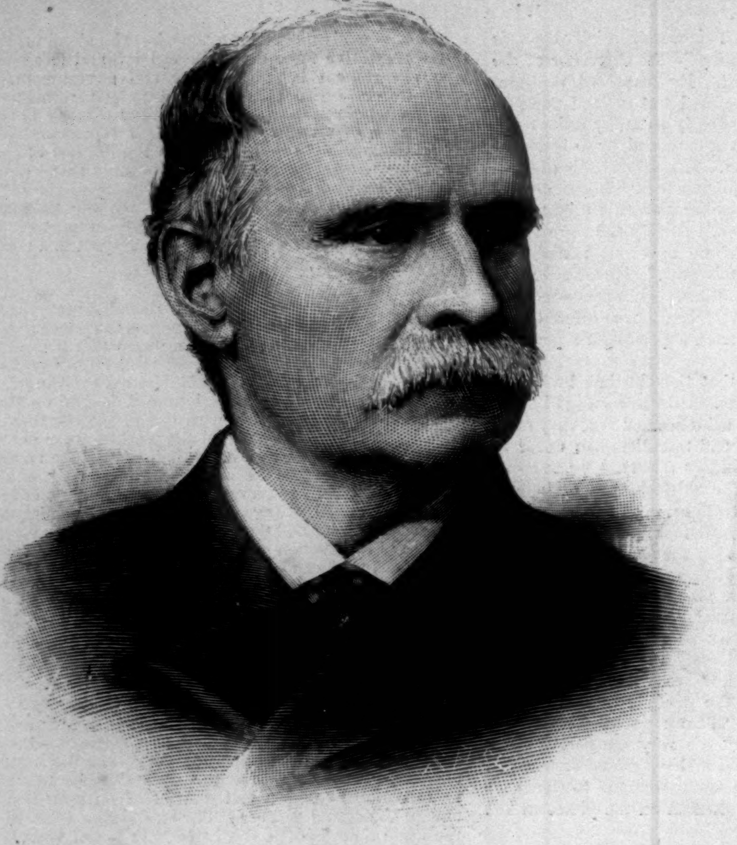
PROFESSOR ANDREWS, of Brown University, somewhat startled the conservative readers of sermons to college graduates the other day by telling his young men that it might well be that the best service they could render the world would be in the amassing of wealth. He did not omit to tell them that their own merit or demerit would depend on the way in which they gained their wealth, and the use they made of it. But he pointed out that the world for the poorest in it would be much harder than it is if there were no wealth-gathering going on. We are not quite sure that this is a doctrine that needs to be urged upon the attention of young men—even of the young men in colleges. Our impression is that the faculty and the desire for accumulation are strong enough in the average male adult to secure to the world all the benefit that can be legitimately conferred by the exercise of the faculty or the gratification of the desire. But the doctrine is, nevertheless, sound. No man need fear that he is wronging the world by the honest getting of wealth. He may seriously question how far he helps or hurts his own nature by the use he makes of it.

THERE is no question about the enthusiasm felt by those who have visited the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. It prevails—one might almost say that it rages—among all classes. Any one who has not yet "done" the fair, and particularly any one who says that he does not intend to do so, is bound to pass a bad quarter of an hour if he falls among the actual visitors. The enthusiasm is healthy, and the more there is of it the better. It is not boastful, as a rule. The usual visitor, on the contrary, is generally in a condition of excited humility. He feels that he has learned much, but he feels even more keenly how very much he needed to learn, and seems to regard with a certain shame the depth of ignorance in which he would have rested had he remained at home. This is especially true of the New York men, and more especially true of the New York women, some of whom return from Chicago with a half-rueful, half-comical sense that their great city is a trifle "provincial." So far as that implies indifference to things outside the life of the city, there is some excuse for the feeling; but then it should be said, in mitigation, that your true New-Yorker is apt to be just as indifferent to things within the city life. There is no doubt, however, that a few weeks in Chicago just now is an excellent remedy for indifference of all kinds.

IF the owner of a large industrial establishment, presumably out of sheer good-nature employed the brother of a junior partner as foreman of a minor branch of his business, and the new foreman should turn out all the hands employed to put in others who had to have the old ones to show them how to do their work, he would be regarded as an extremely foolish manager. But suppose the business was not his own, and that he was only engaged to manage it, and that the loss and damage brought about by this absurd conduct did not fall upon him, but upon those who had trusted him with their affairs. Clearly the case would be worse. The post-office at Bloomington, Illinois, is filled by the recent appointment of Vice-President Stevenson's brother, who has removed the old carriers, and the new ones are said now to be paying the old ones for instruction in their duties. It is bad business, and neither Mr. Stevenson's brother, nor the Vice-President, nor the President suffers the consequences entailed by it. If they did, it would not have been permitted.

THE Irishman who was bound to have peace if he had to fight for it was probably conscious of the touch of humor in his resolution. But the Emperor of Germany was in grim earnest when he announced to the Reichstag that he wanted a larger army to make Germany "strong enough to remain surety for Europe's peace." At present peace prevails. The sky of Europe is cloudless. The army of Germany is larger and stronger than ever before, but, other armies having been strengthened, it does not keep its relative superiority. Undoubtedly the Emperor's view is a sound one; but we Americans may be pardoned for congratulating ourselves that the inviolate seas stretch beyond our shores, and free us from so terrible a burden, imposed not by our own free-will, but by the policy of our neighbors and possible foes.

WE are asked by Mr. Morrison I. Swift, of Boston, to publish a plan of his for "A Convention of Capitalists to Solve the Labor Question." We regret that we cannot see our way clear, after careful examination, to giving it the space required. We know that the labor question is a very large one, and we should like to see it solved. It would be an immense relief to thousands of weary readers, to say nothing of editors. If we thought that Mr. Swift's convention would do the job, we should be tempted to turn over the WEEKLY to the advocacy of that plan for six months, confident that the repose of mind and the physical comfort thus secured to our readers would richly repay the temporary sacrifice. But we cannot reach any such solacing conclusion. We have no great confidence in conventions. We have not too much confidence in individual capitalists, and almost none in convened capitalists. Besides, they would not convene. Mr. Swift and the WEEKLY might call them, as Hotspur called the spirits from the vasty deep, but they would not come. They would not even listen to the call. It is, perhaps, a sad fact, but it is a fact all the same. They are too busy. The labor question is quite driven from their minds by the much more prosaic problem, to use a common phrase, whether "they are afoot or on horseback." Those who are in the saddle, so to speak, do not feel at all sure of their seat. Mr. Swift may not have heard of it in the philosophic retirement of Boston, but there is a panic on just now all over the land. The capitalists are having a hard time of it. We have not the heart to threaten them with conventions and experts and special investigators. The labor question must wait.

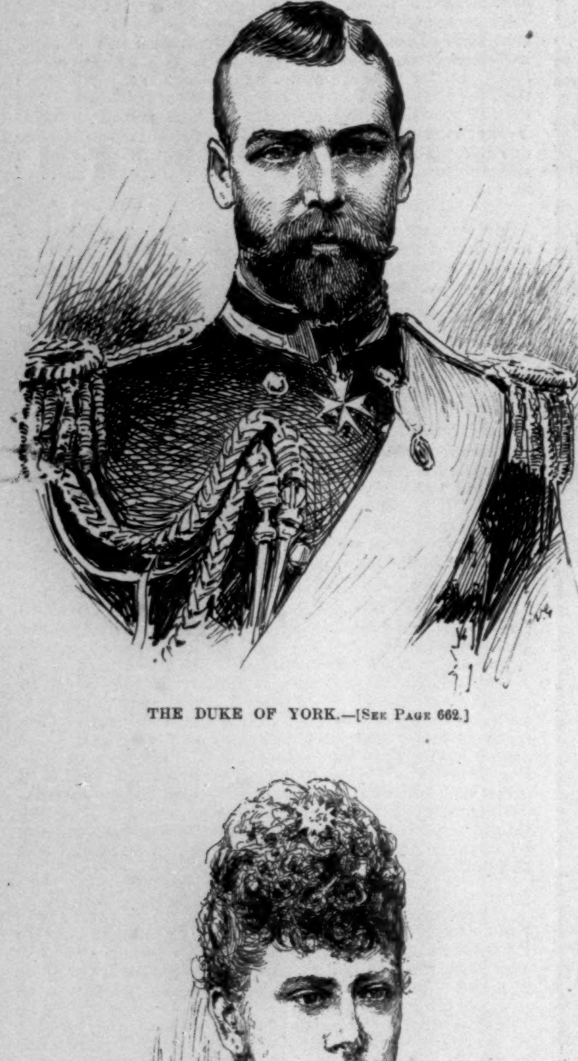


THE LATE ANTHONY J. DREXEL.
From a Photograph by Gutekunst.—[See Page 670.]

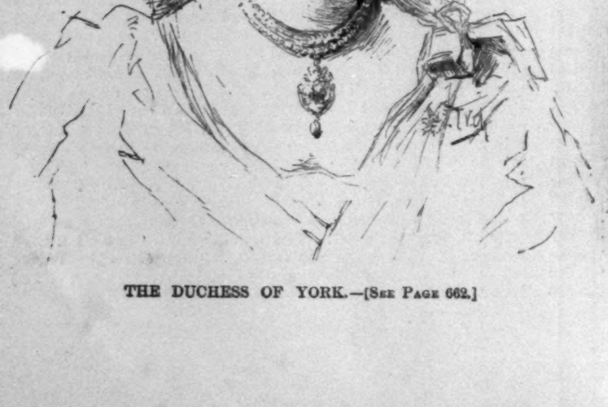
THE LOST ADMIRAL.

The portrait of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, who commanded the Mediterranean squadron of her Majesty's navy when the battle-ship *Victoria* was recently lost off Tripoli, is printed on this page. Sir George was considered by English naval authorities to be the ablest and most brilliant officer in the British service, and as he went down with his ship there has been every disposition to hold him blameless for the accident which cost the lives of 22 officers, 336 men, and one of the most formidable battle-ships in the world. The reports of the officers surviving, and of the commander of the *Camperdown*, which ran the *Victoria* down, have been received by the Admiralty, and there seems to be no other conclusion possible than that Vice-Admiral Tryon was responsible for the tactical blunder that cost so heavily. Sufficient room was not allowed for these two great battle-ships to turn in, and the *Camperdown's* ram went half through the *Victoria*. The Admiral remained on the bridge and refused to make any effort for his life. Midshipman Lanyon, who was in attendance on his Admiral, refused to leave without his officer, and he also went down with the ship. This was the worst disaster of recent years.

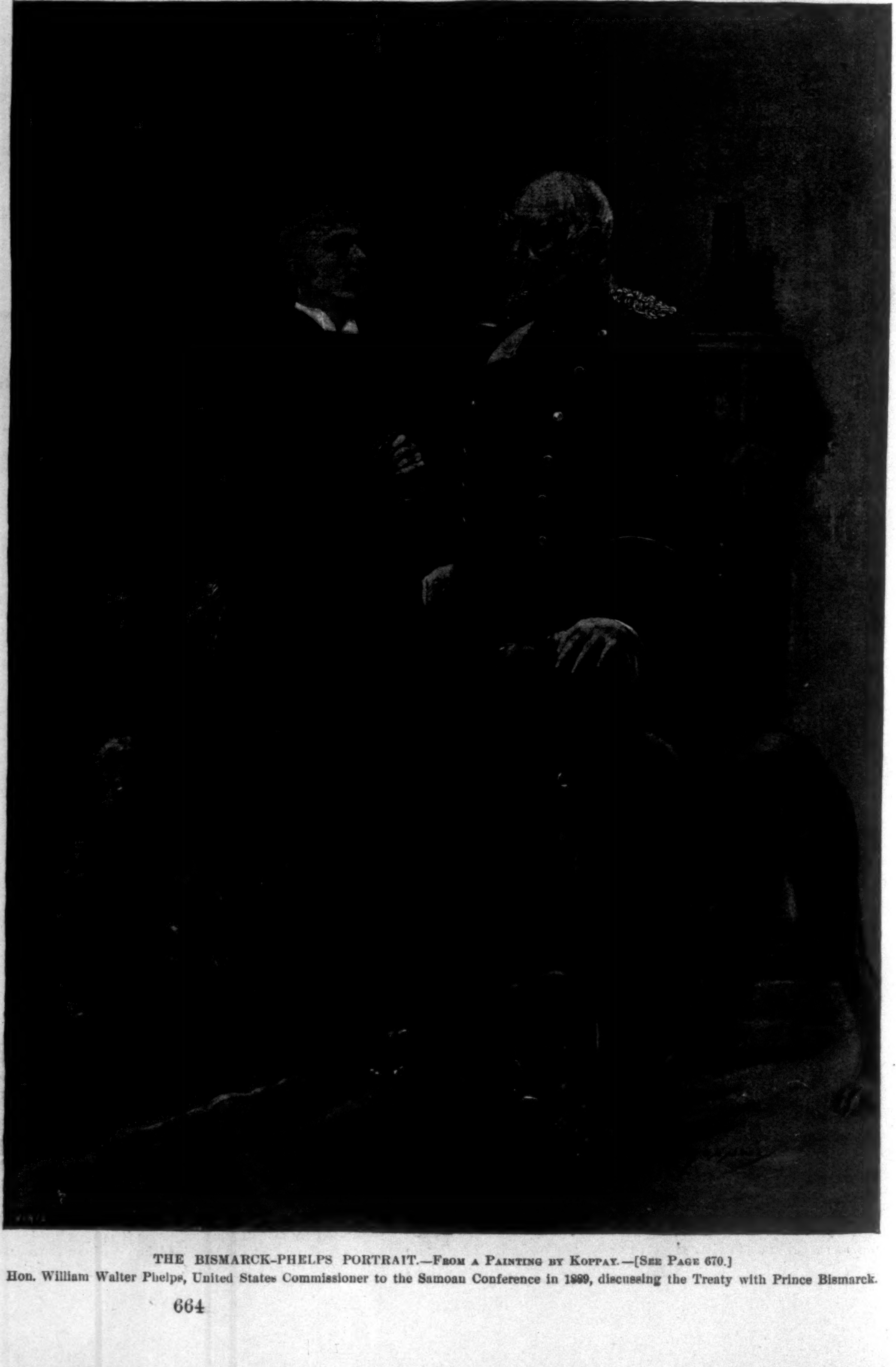
VICE-ADMIRAL TRYON, OF THE "VICTORIA."



THE DUKE OF YORK.—[See Page 662.]



THE DUCHESS OF YORK.—[See Page 662.]



THE BISMARCK-PHELPS PORTRAIT.—From a Painting by Koppay.—[See Page 670.]
Hon. William Walter Phelps, United States Commissioner to the Samoan Conference in 1889, discussing the Treaty with Prince Bismarck.

A MAID OF THE NINETEENTH PARALLEL.

BY ALBERT CHANDLER WALL.

WE were in the chart-room, a fresh, suggestive little place, filled with basket-work chairs and faint yellow maps, on which delicate lines swinging around land-margins indicated ocean currents. Somehow or other Hounslee had arranged with the Captain that we should be tolerated there.

Hounslee was one of those men who rush in where angels fear to tread, and make all on-lookers angry with themselves for having waited for the angels. Until recently he had been General Manager of the Jalapa Construction Company, but had involved the company in a land scheme, and had consequently been lost in the reorganization. He must have been thirty-four years old at least, for he had gone to Mexico very young and remained ten years. I saw him first on the quay at Campeche the day he came aboard. He went immediately to his state-room and reappeared in duck trousers, a Panama hat, and shoes with red-rubber soles of Chinese thickness. Altogether he pleased the eye, his movements were so untrammelled, and his figure had that symmetrical proportion rarely seen in a man above five feet high. His hair was ash-colored, and his eyes, which were long and brown, were full of those fugitive lights noticeable in moonstones. In looking at him one thought of exercise, razors, and cold baths. A man at the Captain's table said that he had the kind of face in which women trust and are deceived. Naturally, the Captain and I cared nothing about that any more than we did for his vanity. As long as his rapid speech and smooth chest voice could shorten an occasional hour by fifteen or twenty minutes we asked no more. Sitting in the Captain's especial chair, with a tiny glass of iced anisado before him, he leaned back, saying:

"Well, I wish to tell you about it, although it concerns a woman; however, it doesn't matter. I was conceited at twenty-three—almost as conceited as a tenor. Well, I was down there on one of those little balconies of the Hotel Diligencias, trying to gesture the things one usually says to an ugly old Spanish woman with a pretty daughter at her side.

"Never before had I been in such beautiful environments; the spindling cocoa-palms, like big parasols; the church, with its flying buttresses and domes of porcelain; San Juan de Ulloa, antiquated, built on coral, its exterior walls following the caprice of the reef; and there, below us, the little señoritas beginning to race around the Plaza Mayor in the growing dusk. Heavens, how I longed to speak enough Spanish to talk to her! Down the street, in some court, a parrot was intoxicating himself with words. He was more accomplished than I.

"Then I remembered Pender's accusation—Pender and I were together that trip; he was fond of saying that I knew only two phrases—first, what is your name? second, how old are you? There was no other way; it was necessary to do something.

"'Señorita!' She looked up calmly.

"'Señor?'

"Then, slowly, as one might dictate to a school-boy, I asked my first question, 'Como se llame usted?'

"'Guadalupe, señor.'

"You have no idea how prettily she said it—four syllables, you see. I pronounce it as if it was spelled Wah-dal-oo-pee, but it begins with a G.

"Then I asked, 'Guadalupe que?'

"'Guadalupe Tolsa, señor.'

"Decidedly, I said to myself, you are getting on, my boy—you are getting on. I repeated it after her, reverentially, 'Señorita Guadalupe Tolsa'; she smiling, her lips parted, looking at me so candidly, with such lazy satisfaction, that I was embarrassed in spite of myself, and used my remaining quotation from the phrase-book before I had intended. 'Señorita Guadalupe Tolsa, cuantos años tiene usted?'

"'Quince años, señor.'

"At least I knew that; that was fifteen.

"Ah, how beautiful it was! San Juan de Ulloa fading away in the interim between sunlight and moonlight was coralline, lustreless as the reef on which it lay.

"She turned, looked into my face, smiling as before—the kind of smile my mother would have hated. Touching my arm, she pointed out through the dusk over to the right at the domes of the church of Nuestra Señora de la Asuncion. On the landward side of the main dome was a huge inky shadow, where the black vultures huddled for the night—zopilotes, they call 'em.

"Each of the cupolas, of porcelain (there must be five or six), terminates in a cross, and on the tips of every cross were three vultures—motionless, funereal, preserving the symmetry, seeming a part of the cross itself.

"At intervals some ambitious one would leave the mass on the dome-side and fly, in that shambling way of theirs, toward one of the crosses, striving to dislodge an occupant. Sometimes the new-comer was successful; sometimes the defender stood firm; but always there was a fight for the cross, a crusade, at which my Spaniard's big eyes brightened, for Guadalupe Tolsa loved a fight.

"Watching these aerial duellos, with the music from the plaza floating up in unison with those strange tropical odors, made the long silences more bearable, although, as for her, it must be confessed that she did not seem to mind. When wearied of the zopilotes, she looked at the bastions of San Juan de Ulloa, whose primitive light-houses were beginning to flicker for the night. One was a flash-light. That seemed to interest her. At intervals it liberated flaring streams, which ran out over the curved sea and disappeared; then it would be dark again, and one remembered that Vera Cruz was a dangerous port—the *bête noire* of the underwriters."

The Captain nodded sagely.

"Beneath our balcony, on the street, were some men drinking chocolate. A French engineer whom I had met that day was talking.

"'Wives,' he was saying, 'oh, yes, I have had wives—who has not? I have one in Africa now, and I think in Brazil somewhere; no matter; one is not expected to be a bureau of information. I do not know where they are.'

"What a liar that man was, but it was nothing to me. I was trying to think of some Spanish phrases—words, anything.

"At last, touching my eyes and pointing at her own—which was a blasphemous comparison—I said, 'Bella, mucha bella, señorita.' This pleased her undiscerning mind, for mentally she was a child. I proceeded to use the same successful word about every feature she possessed. And as her right hand was resting on the balcony rail—it was a pretty hand too—why, I placed my own upon it, as if by accident, murmuring with operatic impressiveness, 'Ah, bella, bella!'

"This ruse, while probably coeval with the stone age, is nevertheless modern; you need not laugh, you've done it yourselves, both of you; and then, at that moment of all others, that confounded Pender must needs appear smoking a long Vera Cruz cigar. Naturally my Spaniard disappeared. 'What did he say?' Oh, he asked if I was doing the shrine act; said if I was, he would advise me to be a Joss, for if I would only sit cross-legged I'd make a splendid one. 'But come down below,' he said, 'we have been betting on the buzzard birds over there on the church. I won eight pesos from the Frenchman. Come here; you see that bird on the big cross, well, my Lothario, that is Cortés—we named 'em all—he's held that position for eight bouts, at a peso a bout.'

"'No,' I said; 'I am going to bed; I am sleepy.'

"I rose early. The vultures were still on the domes. All that day I wandered about the hotel hoping to find her, recalling her voice, her laugh, everything that had so charmed me on the balcony. Late in the afternoon I came to the conclusion that Guadalupe Tolsa only appeared with the twilight.

"I went over to San Juan de Ulloa with the Frenchman and watched the convicts being fed, he assuring me that they were all murderers, every one.

"I left him with a murderer trying to sell him a carved cocoanut, one of those that they cut in the dark and blacken with oil. When I reached the hotel, dinner was being served. I forgot to tell you that we had arrived the day before, and consequently did not know any of the people. We were placed at a table with an elderly American woman and her married daughter. They lived in Arkansas somewhere. The mother was an old war-horse. When Pender said something about the sky-lines of the Sierra Madre foot-hills being 'feathery,' the old lady sniffed and tossed up her head. 'Perhaps these gentlemen are artists,' she said, in a tone which showed that she considered all artists to be abandoned characters.

"I was not done with her by a good deal. She heard me ask my *vis-à-vis* what the word for 'butter' was.

"'Why, I thought you spoke Spanish,' she said.

"'No, not at all.'

"'But I heard you; you were talking to Guadalupe on the balcony last night. [The dickens you did! I thought.] Guadalupe is our nurse; she takes care of my daughter's child. My daughter can't pronounce her name; she says it's outlandish. She calls her Galoop.'

"Pender was luminous with suppressed joy. I was rattled, terribly rattled; you see, my vanity was hurt.

"The others went on talking about Guadalupe. One old chap, that they called Major Stivers, said she was a mestiza—the child of a Spaniard and an Indian woman, as contradistinguished—that was the very word—as contradistinguished from a mulattress, or the child of a white and a black.

"This was too much. I went down to the plaza. When I came back to the hotel it was dusk again—her hour. And there she was with some big silver ear-rings, a new blue ribbon, and in her hair three or four of those great tropical fireflies blazing slowly. And that weird phosphorescence, that light in which there is no heat, gave to her eyes the mysterious elusive look which one occasionally sees in a composite photograph.

"I pretended not to see her. What else could I do with all those people about? and remember she was a peon girl.

"Well, next day, I think it was next day, in the morning, about eleven, when every one wished to be quiet, I heard a most infernal racket outside my door. I went out, and didn't have to wait a second before I was taken right into the quarrel. Guadalupe's señora was on the rampage.

"Whew, but she abused me!" and Hounslee laughed, and finished his anisado in one gulp. Munching a piece of ice between his strong teeth, he went on: "It seems that my dog —I had one of those abominable Chihuahua dogs—had been nosing about while Guadalupe sat with the Arkansas baby on one of the benches in the upper court. As the sun came down through the open building it made Guadalupe drowsy, so taking the little Arkansan out of her rebozo she put him in her lap, and slept peacefully. Just then that beast of mine came along, jumped up on the bench, and being a dog of lovable disposition but wretched taste, he placidly set about licking the baby's face. A waiter told me about it afterward.

"The baby lay there pumping aimlessly with its arms—with the same motion that doctors use to promote artificial breathing in half-drowned people. My dog began on his forehead, came down one cheek and went up the other, completing the job, you know. There's a charm about it. Haven't you often watched men painting signs, and waited until they finished a particular letter? My dog felt this, but the baby began to sputter and twist and yell. The dog thought it was playing, so he'd cock his head on one side, throw out his paw, and bring it down affectionately on the little Arkansan's mouth. That's the best gesture a dog has, by-the-way.

"It was then that the grandmother appeared, and that Guadalupe awoke. Jove! what a scene. Talk—you should have heard her. Evidently she had read everything concerning hydrophobia which had ever come out in a newspaper. She spoke of cauterization—said the dog must be shot—examined the baby's lips for cuts, called me names, told Guadalupe to go, and bent over the child, talking to it.

"'You poor little dear, you poor little dear. Has that nasty dog licked your face? Never mind, never mind.'

"Stooping to kiss it as she held it she remembered suddenly.

"'I can't kiss it, I can't kiss it,' she cried out; 'its poor little face must be washed before its own grandmother can kiss it.' With that she looked tragically at me, and I laughed like a loon.

"'Oh, you!' she said to me. 'You— I'm ashamed to be an American. It's all your fault. You and your dog's—the poor little—'

"I fled. When Pender came in he laughed in his short way.

"'You are a beauty,' he said; 'see what you've done. Poor Galoop has lost her four pesos a month. The Arkansan woman is certain that her grandchild will be barking and frothing inside of a fortnight. But there's another thing,' he added, seriously; 'I'm down here on business; delicate business; I don't know whether this kind of thing hurts me or not. Anyway I'm not willing to risk it. You and I must part. I'll toss a coin with you to see which of us moves to the other hotel. Personally, of course, I don't care this centavo how much you Romeo it on the balcony. You can marry your mestiza and start a religion for all I care.'

"The centavo spun in the air. I called, lost, and set about packing. I wasn't very sorry. I didn't care much for the society of that Arkansas woman.

"Pender laughed.

"'See,' he said, 'I will help you pack.'

"Queer chap, that Pender. When I left him he made me a little angry; rather overdid it, I thought. He was standing at the room door; I seem to see him yet. He was very gray for forty, and he'd shaved off his mustache the day before, and his lip was tremulous, uncertain, you know, but there was nothing uncertain about Pender.

"'Farewell, profligate,' he said, 'farewell; you are a good fellow, but erratic. Go to some lonely spot and collect calendars for ten or twelve years and then come back to us. You are too young; in fact, you've got the worst case of youth that I've ever met with.'

"I was lonely at the other hotel. It wasn't good. The hall floors were made of lattices of iron pipes, to let the air circulate freely. If you dropped bird shot on the third floor they'd hit people entering the café. It wasn't clean, either. When I went into my room little black things scudded across the floor. I asked a Mexican Colonel who spoke English about them, and he said, 'It may be they are scorpions, perhaps.' I believed that they were deadly at that time.

"If I met Pender on the street with any one he would bow as though he were asking himself, 'Where have I met that man before? Ah, my countryman!'

"I missed him a good deal. The Colonel and I walked Vera Cruz together. One night we were sitting on an iron bench in a kind of park south of the quay—toward Yucatan. The whole place was flagged except where the cocoa-palms needed space. It was a ghastly place by day—so sunny—but pleasant enough at night.

"'All de leddies luff de stranger,' said the Colonel. 'When I wuss prisiner in Paris, dere wuss with me a man of Jalisco, where are de ugliest men in Mejico. He wuss ugly as a dog. Five leddies—'

"I looked at a bench to the side, and there sat Guadalupe Tolsa with a little girl—her sister.

"'Pardon me, Colonel,' I said, 'but what is the Spanish for "Please meet me here to-morrow night at this same hour"?

"He told me, and I went over and said it to her. She answered simply, 'Si, señor.'

"I returned to the bench. The Colonel laughed; then he said: 'I will come here to-morrow night—I, old Colonel Porraz—in your stead, five minutes before you. Is it not true, that what I told you, all de leddies luff de stranger?'

"At the time I didn't know why I did it. It was an impulse; but I looked forward to our meeting. It was the first fixed date I had had in many days. I decided that I had really injured her, and concluded to give her fifty or sixty pesos and call it square.

"We met, sat on the bench, looked at one another, and listened to the sea many times. At the end of each interview I repeated my little sentence and provided for the morrow.

"I forget now what had gone before; but one night, as I was about leaving her, she took my hand, and with curious solemnity placed it against her forehead. It has some misty tribal meaning. And she called me 'Caballero, caballero!' that way. The white light of the moon was in her eyes—that shadowy hair—that upturned face—and the sound of the waves in their slow prostration. Ah, it's all very ridiculous now! I agree with you; but at twenty-three one's nature can be captured by the title 'Caballero' uttered by a mestiza with round lips and a sighing intonation.

"Well, you know what a boy is, even if you didn't know Guadalupe Tolsa. I thought about her during the day and saw her at night. I was my own master, had thirty-three hundred a year—principal in trust, confound it—and no nearer relatives than an aunt to report to. What do you think I did?"

Hounslee leaned forward with rather a sheepish smile.

"I married her. Yes, I married her. I don't think I would ever have thought of it unless Pender had spoken of it. It was an absurd wedding; some time I'd like to tell you about it. We went to Cordoba on our wedding-day. I'd been there before on my way down. Taking all things into consideration, I felt rather proud of myself. I had that contempt for the strict conventionalities which is strongest in the youngest.

"There was something alluring to me in the thought of getting a little place like one I had seen a half-mile out of Cordoba, on the edge of a small stream which flowed into the Rio Seco. I left all my things temporarily at the hotel. Guadalupe brought absolutely nothing. That rather staggered me, I must confess. We crossed the market-place, passed through the Alameda, and down a little street, on either side of which were a few coffee-roasters' huts, with the coffee spread out in the sun. The street dipped suddenly to my stream. We walked up the stream, along the bank—Guadalupe, a cantina man who owned a hut near by which he was willing to sell, and I.

"He showed it to us. I rented it on the spot; eighteen pesos for a year. It was like the others—low, white, with walls three feet thick and a roof of red, crumpled tiles.

"Returning to Cordoba, I bought three or four mats of century-plant fibre, a couple of Saltillo blankets, and a stone board with a round stone roller. Guadalupe insisted on that; she wished it to grind the corn so that she could make those little corn cakes that they call tortillas.

"I entered the hut. When I came out there was only a remnant of light in the sky. She was coming toward me, in her simple dress, with those two breadths of marvellously white hand-made linen crossed on her breast. And those eyes of hers—I don't know what I thought. We were on the edge of our pool.

"'Guadalupe,' I said, weakly, holding her by the wrists—'Guadalupe, non señorita ahora, señora.'

"But I could not keep it up. I said all manner of wild things to her in English, and looking at me steadily, she slipped her arms around my neck. They were still cool from the water. Then she said something in her leisurely, half-mournful Indian dialect, and we kissed one another in that slow way they have down there."

Hounslee stopped suddenly, showing the only trace of embarrassment I had ever seen in him.

"But I don't know," he ventured. "I suppose I ought not to be telling you this. After all, she was my wife."

"Go on," said the Captain.

"The strangest thing was that all the time I felt as though I were doing wrong.

"One day I went to the hotel. There I met an Englishman whom I had known before. He lives in New York.

"'Let's have a bottle of pale ale,' he said. 'Have you ever noticed that you can't get it in any Spanish-speaking country unless you call it pah-lee ah-lee? In France you have to say pel el.'

"He presented me to his sister—a splendid-looking, well-groomed girl. When I went back to Guadalupe, I found her with a pile of tortillas on the floor of the hut. Some dust had fallen on them from the roof, and she was dusting them off with a pair of my hair-brushes. She had always been fond of them; the silver monograms let into the ebony backs pleased her.

"I said, 'Non, non,' and took them away from her. I saw then by her look of wonderment how absolutely impossible it would be ever to make her understand the common decencies.

"Whether it was this incident, or the bottle of Bass in a hot clime, I don't know, but I felt sulky, and, like the boy I was, gave up to it. I walked up the stream. The noise of Guadalupe's stone rollers grated on me. Confound everything, I thought. I can't live forever on tortillas, frijoles, boiled coffee, and bananas. And she was so dull with it all; never noticed that I was annoyed. I began talking aloud.

"'I've married a California peach,' I said, 'without a ray of sense, stupid and slow, the outcome of slavery. What an ass I've been! She can't ever learn a thing.'

"Next day I went again to the hotel. The English girl was there. When I went toward her she looked at me distantly, and cut me with a coldness peculiarly Anglo-Saxon.

"I went to the cantina man, my landlord, and bought some cigars, simply as an excuse to go in there, but he took no interest in me.

"In the weeks succeeding," Hounslee added, with a grim smile which made both of us laugh, "I'm afraid I rather neglected Mrs. Hounslee.

"I went frequently to a gambling-place in a long wooden shed in front of the church, through which the worshippers must either go or make a detour. It paid a royalty to the church. I care nothing for gambling, but there was an old white-whiskered fellow who stood by the roulette wheel—presided, you know.

"About that time everything that Guadalupe did made me angry. She didn't miss me in the least when I went to the town.

"By swift gradations her presence became utterly unbearable to me. You nor any one else that has not tried it can have the vaguest conception of the thousand and one differences between a woman of the world and an attractive savage like Guadalupe. That about the hair-brushes was merely one. I'd go to my valise and find that she was keeping the coffee or the corn there. She used my ties like strings. I cannot begin to tell you. Everything she did was beautifully elemental. The idea of restricting the uses of any article to one particular thing she couldn't understand.

"I was setting out one morning when I saw a man coming up toward our adobe. He was a short, thick-set fellow, with red cheeks, and eyes with less expression in them than well-healed wounds. To me he said, 'Mr. Hounslee, I believe.' I nodded. 'Mr. Hounslee,' he went on, 'I am disappointed to see you. My name is Rulon. I'm a detective on the San Francisco force. I thought you were another man. I'm after a man named Brayne, formerly cashier of a bank in Oakland. A month ago he skipped with $16,000 in bills—fifties and hundreds—besides $63,000 worth of bonds. He's somewhere down here in southern Mexico. I heard about you, and thought I had the man. There's a $5000 reward offered by the bank.'

"I said, 'I'm sure that I'm very sorry that I'm not a criminal. I must have put you to great trouble.'

"'You have,' said Mr. Rulon—'you have. And when I saw you, I says to myself that p'r'aps you'd be willin' to give me a hundred for my trouble and loss of time.' Here he winked at me. 'You see,' he resumed, 'I ain't got a picture of Brayne; haven't seen him for a year; and now, I come to think of it, you look enough like him. There's no way of tellin' except to tote you all the way to 'Frisco. For a hundred cold American plunkets, though, I'm willin' to run the risk of missin' the $5000.'

"I stared at him in thorough amazement. I said, 'Why, that is blackmail.'

"'Ev course,' he said, slowly and indifferently; 'ev course it's blackmail; you'd spot that, I knew it. We don't call it that. We call it buttering our bread on both sides: harder to hold, you know, but sweeter to eat.'

"I watched him picking his way down along the stream. I was a little dazed, I admit. But I decided one thing—I wouldn't give him a cent. But I didn't know what to do with Guadalupe. I couldn't take her to San Francisco or any other civilized community. Oh no!

"As I walked over to Cordoba I noticed the coffee-roaster out in front of his place. It seemed to me that he eyed me rather furtively. He lived in the last house on the street, counting from the town. I went to old Gomez's place. I had nowhere else to go. That morning I lost more than I ever had—sixty odd pesos, I think. I had a fancy that if I put something flat on 8 black—ocho negro, he called it—it would win. It hadn't turned up once, so I returned to my home to get more money. I had about 500 pesos there, mostly in bills of the old London and South American bank. I looked high and low for the money before I realized that I was perfectly sure that I had left it in the middle flap of my valise. Then I called: 'Guadalupe! Guadalupe!' She also was missing. Gradually I remembered that the coffee-roaster was not in his hut when I last passed. Then I understood the signs of the times. Guadalupe had gone with a handsomer man. 'Tis queer how one, even when greatly excited, somehow starts to do the things that the world would expect. I can't explain in any other way why I should have grabbed my revolver, filled my pockets with cartridges, and started down the stream. There was one little place where it shortened the distance to recross the stream. As I ran to this place my foot caught in the loop of an exposed root. It tossed me beautifully. When I jumped up—my ankle hurt me so that I decided to bathe it to be in condition for a long pursuit, I suppose. As any one would know, the moment I took off my shoe my foot swelled so that I could not get it on again. Thank Heaven for that! Sitting there amid the ruins of my only matrimonial venture, I began to think. I had no money; I had no wife. But as this occurred to me I laughed again and again. What a fool, what a f-o-o-l I am to be chasing her! I thought. What luck to be delivered of Guadalupe for five hundred pesos and a pair of hair-brushes! For she took those also. As I thought of it I fairly squealed with delight. I was still cooling my ankle in the water when I heard Rulon's voice from behind. Coming forward, he looked at my foot.

"'It is sprained,' he volunteered. 'Did you do it on purpose? Where's the Mexican girl?'

"'Gone,' I said.

"'Have you got the hundred?' he asked, in his business-like way.

"'Not for you,' I told him.

"'Well, then, we'll go to 'Frisco.'

"'Very well,' I answered.

"That afternoon we went up to the city of Mexico. He helped me along. He wasn't a bad fellow. At the city I told him I had no money. In the morning I took my letter of credit to the bank and drew all I needed. Then I said: 'Mr Rulon, I'm indebted to you. I don't know how I ever could have got here without you. I shall be delighted to go on to San Francisco. In fact, I'm wild to go.' He saw that I meant it. Of course he had never intended to do anything but bluff me.

"'You worked me,' he said, with a resignation that was almost noble. 'You done me. I've been worked before; not very often, though. But you'll give me the price of your fare up from Cordoba, won't you?'

"I laughed so that the people looked out of the windows as I paid him my fare.

"Six months after, at a fiesta about a league—Spanish league, I mean—about a league outside of Orizaba, I met Guadalupe in the crowd. I could speak Spanish then. She met me without embarrassment. I talked with her for some time. At last I asked after the coffee-roaster, and whether he treated her well.

"'No,' she said; 'he beats me sometimes, when he drinks mescal; never when he drinks pulque, only mescal. I will go with you again. He is drinking mescal out there.'

"'Oh no,' I said; 'oh no, I would not trouble you.'

"'I will go,' she repeated, calmly, with one of those steady glances of hers that once had made such a gemlike, many-faceted idiot out of me.

"The absurdity of it all overwhelmed me. This woman was my wife. So, pretending to a feeling I did not experience, I said, as sternly as I could: 'Go! You have chosen.' Then I relented, and gave her some money, which she took ungratefully.

"'Adios, Ernesto,' she said, which recalled vividly the old days at the pool-side, when to teach her my name was a delight. It took the better part of a morning."

"Did you ever hear of her again?" the Captain asked.

"Yes," said Hounslee; "once, two years afterwards, in the garden at Tacubaya, where I met old Major Stivers again." He said immediately, 'By-the-way, you remember that mestiza girl that the American woman used to call Galoop?'

"'Yes, I remember her,' I said.

"'She's dead,' he added, swiftly—'dead and buried in the Jardin d'Acclimatation. You know that cemetery, don't you? Named by the French when they backed Maximilian in the 60's. They named it after the vomito had wiped out six battalions. They are the ones that have it—those French.'

"'What?' I asked.

"'True wit,' he said.

"And do you know," Hounslee asked, leaning forward with the manner of a man about to communicate something morbid, "after the first intense relief at being absolutely free again, I actually felt sorry. It comes back to me, and I forget the sequel. I think only of those days by our pool, when Guadalupe, frijoles, and tortillas made up the sum of life. Poor Galoop! Poor Guadalupe Tolsa! For me Guadalupe Tolsa is the South, which attracts before one sees it, pales in the experience, and attracts more strongly than before after leaving it. At times I think of her, with her dull red lips which rested so lightly on one another, and I wish she were not in the Jardin d'Acclimatation. But am I sincere?"

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

A SUGGESTION.

[The autograph-scribbling idiot has appeared at the World's Fair. —*Daily Paper.*]

He was a lad ambitious, and he panted much for fame:
He wished the world to echo with his rather homely name—
Uriah Scaggs the name was, but that mattered not a jot;
He left it here, he left it there, on many a favored spot.

He wrote it with a flourish on the massive White House door;
He traced it on the carpet on the Red and Blue Room floor;
He scratched it on the windows of the House, and Senate too;
He'd painted it on rocks from Maine as far south as Peru.

He'd etched his monogram upon that Campanile rare
At Venice; and another one on Pisa's tower fair;
And when he stood behind the Prince at some great racing track,
With chalk he traced his name upon that august person's back.

He carved it on the pyramids; he plastered Rome with it;
He tried it on Alfonso's throne, but was compelled to flit
Before he'd penned the second G, which filled him with despair,
Until he reached Chicago and began upon the Fair.

And now we are informed that Scaggs is fully occupied
In autographing everything that's mentioned in the Guide.
He's scribbling up the statues and the Peristyle and such
With his most wonderfully bold, strong chirographic touch.

'Tis hoped the Fair commission will get hold of Mr. S.
And clap him in a dungeon cell and keep him in duress
Until, with ink indelible and sharply pointed pen,
They've tattooed Scaggs from top to toe with his own cognomen.

John Kendrick Bangs.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

VII.—THE RISE AND FALL OF JONES CITY.

"That was a good story," briefly observed Robinson.

"Thank you," returned Jones. "As I have remarked so many times before, I simply related the facts. Of course Jackson will pretend that he does not believe it. Instead of treasuring up such things for use in the future, he rejects them, and thus misses golden opportunities to improve his young mind. He will see his mistake when it is too late."

"How long did you stay with the circus?" asked Smith.

"Two years," answered Jones.

"But what I'd like to inquire," broke in Jackson Peters, with some earnestness, "is if you pretend to tell us that you could take an elephant and teach him to swing on a trapeze by his tail, like a monkey?"

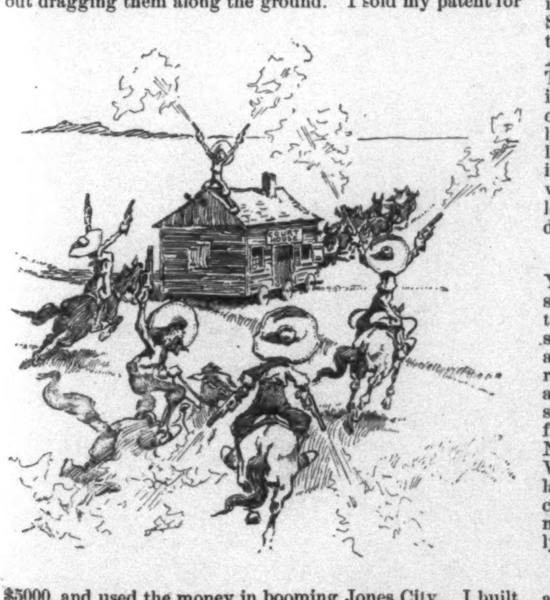
"I don't know why I couldn't, Jackson," replied Jones. "I taught that one, and he was just a plain Asiatic elephant. The swinging was comparatively easy—the hardest part was to teach him to twist his tail about the bar and raise himself up. He would have been performing yet if that rival showman hadn't greased the second trapeze-bar, so that his tail slipped and unwound in making his final $10,000 challenge flying leap. After that I went out to Dakota and began in the real-estate business by founding Jones City, and making it the capital of Tumble Weed County."

Jackson Peters did not seem to be wholly satisfied. "Perhaps the bears out there swung from branch to branch by *their* tails," he suggested, in a tone of fine sarcasm.

"Impossible," answered Jones. "It was a prairie country, so there were no trees, and consequently no bears. Besides, bears have no tails. You show a lamentable ignorance of both geography and natural history. It was while at Jones City that I patented my Dakota pumpkin anchor. Before that it was impossible, as you doubtless know, to raise this nutritious vegetable in the Territory."

"No, I didn't know it," returned Jackson Peters. "Why was it impossible?"

"The vines grew so fast that they wore the pumpkins all out dragging them along the ground. I sold my patent for



$5000, and used the money in booming Jones City. I built two churches and a theatre, and started a daily newspaper—the Jones City *Volcanic Eruption*. But it was a severe blow to the town when it lost the county-seat. At that time—it was ten years ago—the Dakota court-houses were kept on wheels, I may almost say. One afternoon a party of men from Jumpersburg crept up, hitched six mules on my court-house, and trotted away with it to their own town.

"But I was not discouraged, and determined on the boldest stroke ever attempted in the Territory. It was nothing more nor less than to bring the Capitol building down from Bismarck and put it in the place of my court-house, thus making Jones City the capital of the Territory. Fearing that the old Territorial officers might not come, I hired a new set of officials, including a Governor, auditor, judges, Attorney-General, and so forth, choosing them mostly from my old county officers, who had been left behind. Borrowing the court-house wheels from Jay Bird County, I took my Territorial officers, fifty leading citizens, and ten spans of mules, and proceeded to Bismarck. Under cover of darkness we adjusted the wheels and hitched on the mules. Most of my officials took their places in the several rooms, and as the level rays of the rising sun shot athwart the great broad plain, carpeting it with cloth of gold, and waking the song-birds to melody and the wild flowers to prodigality of fragrance, I touched up the wheel mules from the front portico, and we rolled away out of town, with my Governor on the roof blowing a tin horn, and my superintendent of schools, a very conservative man, on top of the chimney firing his revolver into the air and singing 'Hail Columbia.' It was a noble scene, and one which lives in my memory, but the effort was a failure. Gentlemen, I left Dakota without a cent in the world."

Jones rested his cheek in his hand and looked at the floor.

"But tell us what was the difficulty," said Robinson.

"Yes, it is no more than right that you should know. When we were about ten miles out my Attorney-General came to me and raised a point of law. It was this: That Jones City would not become the legal capital of the Territory unless we had the cellar which belonged under the Capitol building. I gave the reins to my Territorial Secretary, and directed the Attorney-General instantly to bring a test case before the District Court, then sitting in its chambers on the first floor. It decided that he was right. Then, as we rattled along across the prairie, I appealed the case to the Supreme Court, on the second floor. It confirmed the decision of the lower court. I instantly stopped, unhitched the mules, and went back after the cellar. We were all arrested at Bismarck, with the aid of troops from Fort A. Lincoln, for abduction. It appeared that the beggarly janitor of the Capitol was hidden in his room in the attic, and that we had kidnapped the scoundrel without knowing it. We got off at the trial, but it cost me every cent I had. To-day the antiquarian who searches for Jones City finds only the spreading, trackless plain, with the June roses looking up saucily for the warm kisses of the sun, and a sea of prairie-lilies billowing itself in long rolling waves under the bold caresses of the ardent wind."

No one spoke when Jones stopped, but all looked at Jackson Peters. His eyes were closed as if in sleep, but there was a nervous, half-painful expression on his face, and even the waiter, when he came in, knew that he was not asleep.

H. C.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The demand for realism continues active, and in many cases the effort to meet it is at least conscientious enough to deserve success. Writing from London about the production of the new play which Mrs. Berringer has written for Miss Genevieve Ward, the correspondent of an esteemed Boston contemporary says:

"The scene in which husband and wife are reunited is deeply touching, Miss Ward and W. H. Vernon, who were splendid throughout, shedding real tears."

Eugene Field takes rather a gloomy view of the prospects of the impending "authors' congress" at Chicago. Remarking that Chicago society is getting ready to entertain the authors, he warns the expected literary visitors that their intending hosts are "a presumptuous, insolent, selfish class of tuft-hunters," who "are no more the friends of literature than a Kaffir is the patron of Italian art." Certainly if the authors do not go forearmed to Chicago, it will not be for lack of impassioned forewarning.

Mr. Howells says that of all his novels, *A Modern Instance* is the one in which he has always taken the most satisfaction. In that novel he thinks he came closest to American life as he knows it. *Silas Lapham*, he says, is a more successful story (which means more popular), and that is easily understood, since *Silas Lapham* is much pleasanter, Silas himself being a lovable character in spite of his enthusiasm for mineral paint. Many readers who don't like *A Modern Instance* will share Mr. Howells's respect for it. There is no getting that book out of one's mind when once it has got in. The picture of the development of the folds of fat upon the back of Bartley Hubbard's neck, coincidently with the accumulation of empty beer bottles in his cellar, is of the sort that takes a permanent hold upon the imagination. Of all the well-intentioned men in literature who went by slow and halting stages to the devil, Tito Melema is the only one who seems artistically qualified to go down hill in the same group with jealous Marcia's husband.

It is worth remarking that in spite of the devotion of Yale College to athletics, and of the somewhat monotonous success of her efforts in that direction, the Yale valedictorian of this year scored the highest average of scholarship that has ever been made at New Haven. So it seems at least that the diligence of some men in running foot-races, and of others in various exercises of field and flood, affords no insurmountable obstacle to coincident exploits in scholarship by gentlemen who are minded that way. It is further worth noting that the Yale valedictorian hailed from North Carolina, that the leader of the graduating class at West Point came from the same State, and that an unduly large proportion of the other high-rank men at West Point came from Southern and border States. The Southern climate may be physically enervating, but does not, apparently, take the spring out of the intellectuals.

The chapel at Yale being too small to hold all the students at once, the authorities have declined to adopt the more obvious remedy, and are promoting with the utmost expedition the work of making it bigger. The inconvenience of compulsory prayers being considerable, it is highly desirable that it should be offset by all possible advantages incident to that method. If compulsory worship can swell the Battell chapel into a noble church, that result is worthy to be entered on the credit side of the account.

Mr. Maurice Thompson is quite clear in his mind as to what he thinks of the new treaty with Russia. The most contemporaneous verse in the tribute to Lincoln which he read the other day before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa is the one that includes the lines:

"Beware of treaties with a tyrant power—
One manly peasant's worth a thousand Tsars—
One woman struck calls for a million sabres!"

There are Tsars and Tsars, and some are better than others, so much better, indeed, as perhaps to be worth a whole peasant. But it is the privilege of poetry to deal with things in large lots, and omit nice discriminations. Mr. Thompson's views on the Russian treaty accord in the main with those of Harper's Weekly, and will in all likelihood presently be found to accord with popular sentiment.

That Mr. Thompson, who describes himself as an ex-Confederate soldier, should have found it in his heart to bring to a New England audience a eulogy of Lincoln is remarkable in one aspect of it, and in another is not. Any intelligent American, of the North or of the South, who comes to familiar acquaintance with Lincoln's character and sentiments and work, is bound to recognize the grandeur of the man. Lincoln is the unlimited American to whom in times to come no section of country will venture to make exclusive claim. But that a former soldier of the South should be able to divest his mind so fully of sectional sentiment as to see Lincoln precisely as he was, *is* perhaps remarkable, though it merely implies a degree of sanity that very many Southerners have attained. But after all, that a man of the South and West, a Georgian who had moved to Indiana, should find his hero in Lincoln is not unnatural. Lowell spoke for Harvard about Lincoln, and spoke for all time, but so far as training and environment go, Mr. Thompson might be expected to be more in touch with a Kentuckian who grew up in Illinois, than a New England Brahmin, like Lowell was.

It will be remarked with interest that the tragic experiences of Editor Godkin last fall have not availed a jot to curb his adventurous spirit. His name was on the *Campania's* list the other day, and long before this his foot has trod the nearest convenient approximation to its native heath. And all good Americans will ever pray that his return in due time may be prompt, felicitous, and unmixed of Jenkins.

A rose by any other name would undoubtedly smell as sweet. Whether the florists could sell as many roses if they called them carrots is another question. A question of that nature doubtless engaged the attention of the proprietors of the *Christian Union* when they were discussing the expediency of changing their journal's title. There is no doubt that the *Outlook* will read as well as ever the *Christian Union* did. The questionable point was whether its old friends would welcome it quite as heartily under an unfamiliar title. The decision has been that they will; and though it cannot have been easy to give up a name for which such honorable distinction had been earned, the reasons given for the change seem sound, and it is safe to predict for the *Outlook* all the prosperity that the *Christian Union* had, and such a further enlargement of opportunities as its growing merits shall earn.

Senator Stanford attested in two notable instances the high regard in which he held womankind. His respect for woman in general he recorded by giving her equal rights with men in Stanford University. His regard for her in particular he showed by his will, in which the great bulk of his fortune was left absolutely to his wife. A great many people are interested, some of them vitally, to see whether these two important actions will work together for good. Practically Mr. Stanford bequeathed Stanford University to his wife. It is true he left the university about two millions and a half, but that is far from being a large enough sum to keep the institution running on the scale on which it is conducted now. Happily Mrs. Stanford's interest in it has always been quite as lively as her husband's. Yet it has happened before now that man and wife who have been one so long as both have lived, have turned out to be a different one after the man has died. It is a fact, and a pretty solemn fact to the university, that the huge Stanford property has changed hands, and that the disposition of its income will be subject to new influences the bent of which cannot certainly be predicted.

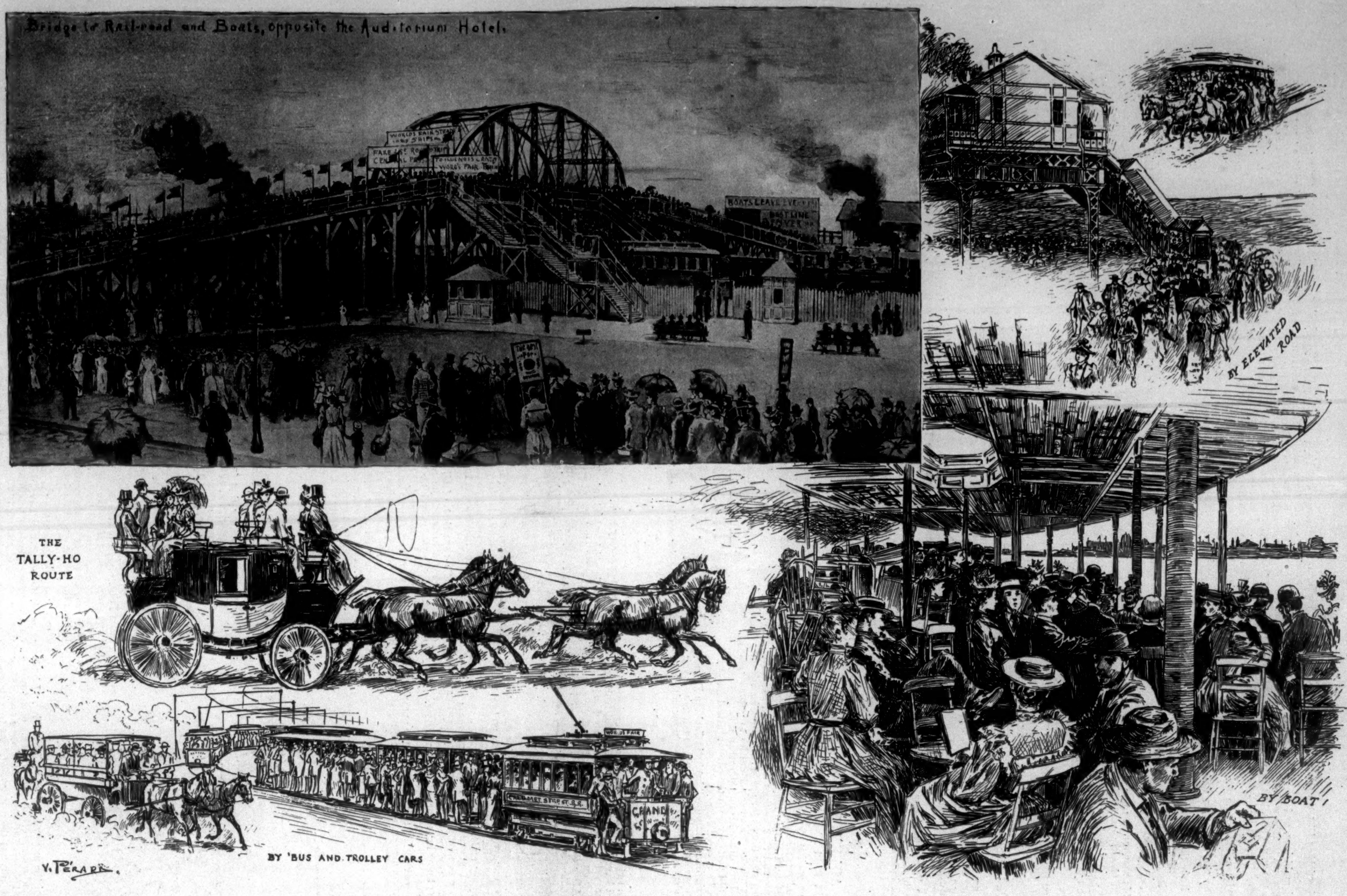
It was the child in the fairy story who, alone of all the company, was so superior to public opinion as to discern that the prince in the imaginary clothes had nothing on but his shirt. The natural man who has gaped and gasped before impressionist paintings will recall that tale when he reads of the verdict of an east-sider upon an impressionistic study in the University Settlement Exhibition in Delancey Street. The *Evening Post* says that he gazed at it earnestly through the hollow of his hand, and being asked for his opinion, said, "Why, that ain't a picture; that's just paint!" Whether the artist who made the picture or this untutored observer who looked at it was the truer impressionist is a matter on which the doctors would probably disagree, but there cannot be much doubt about the verdict if it were settled by popular vote.

One of the fifteen persons chosen Fellows of the Royal Society at the recent election in London was Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the famous co-originator with Darwin of the theory of natural selection. Mr. Russell is seventy-one years old. How he managed to keep out of the Royal Society so long is a question that may well puzzle his admirers both in England and America. No fitter theory offers to account for the neglect of him than that his views on spiritualism may have been regarded as sufficiently objectionable to offset his distinguished achievements in the field of natural science.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson says that he begins work every morning at six o'clock, and sometimes keeps at it all day, in spite of an impression that three hours of writing is enough. "I am a laborious writer," he avers, thereby encouraging the worthy band whose motto is *labor omnia vincit*, and who have faith that nothing is beyond the reach of hard work. But straightway he dashes their hopes when he says, "I inherit a taste for story-telling from my father, who used to tell a story every night before he went to bed."

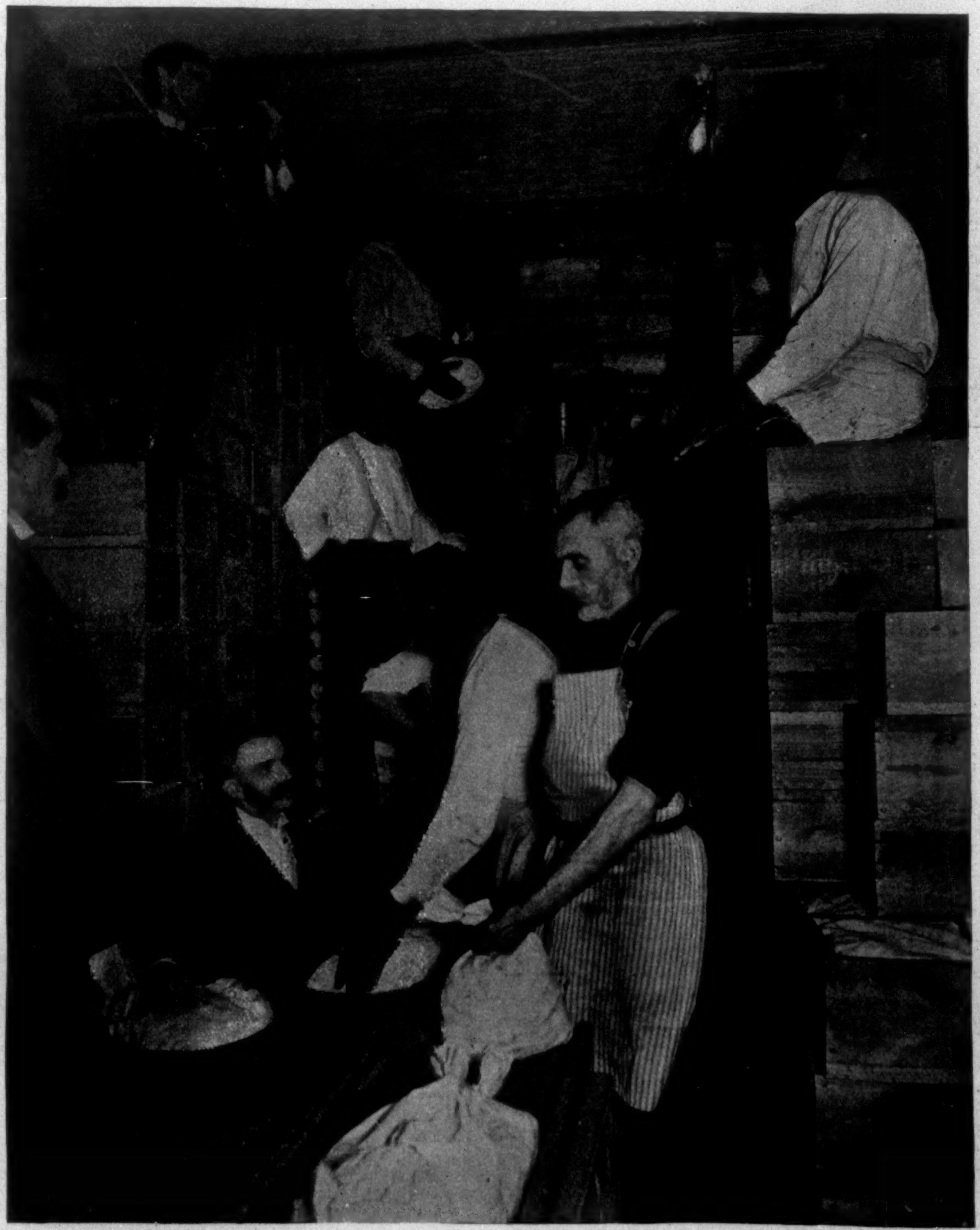
Is not that a most unfair advantage for a romancer to take of his contemporaries—to burst upon the current story market with the prodigious endowment of descent from a Scotchman who out of mere love of yarning was used to tell a story every night? Frankly, it seems a worse blow to ordinary competitive endeavor than for an Astor to take up the business of publishing magazines.

E. S. Martin.

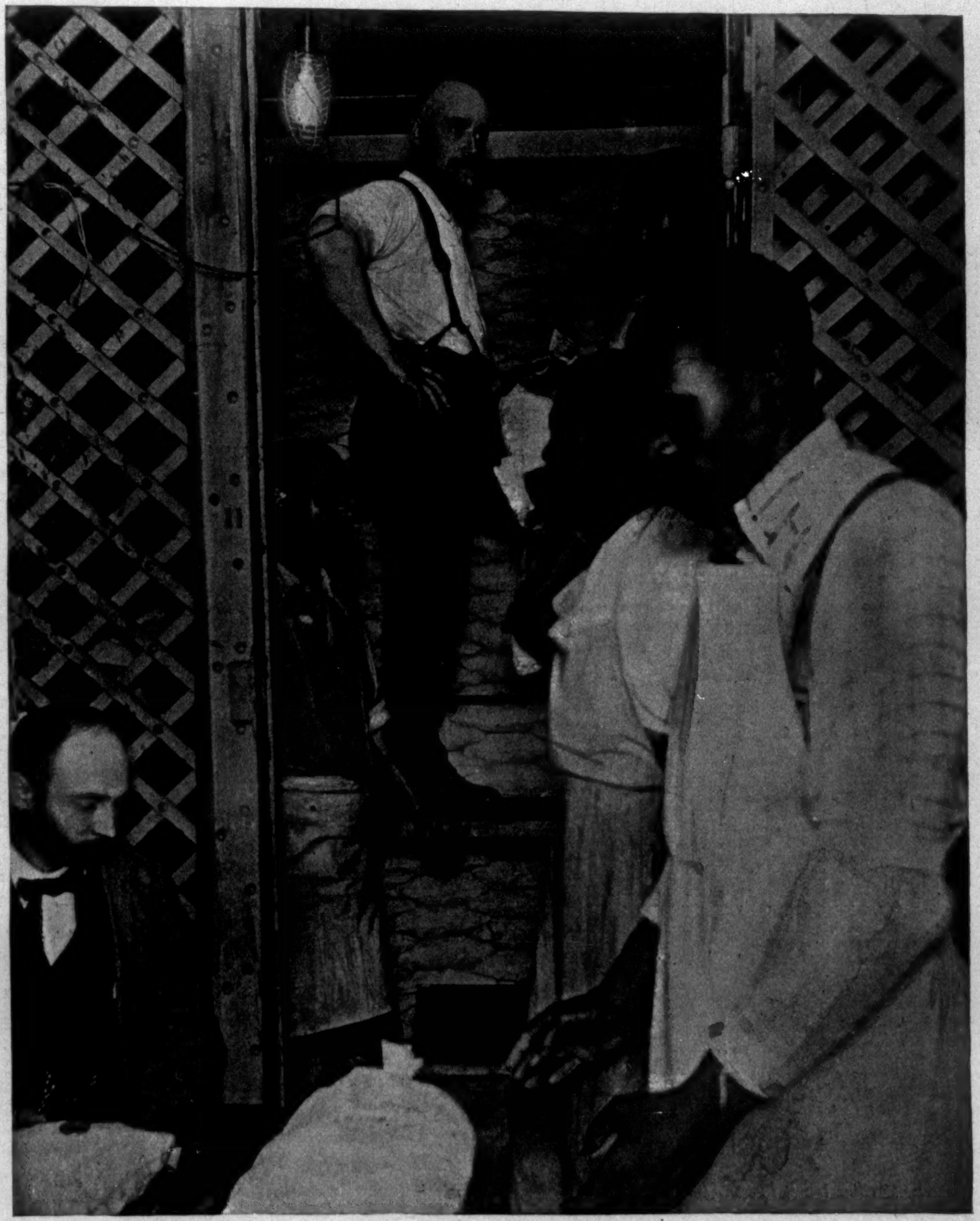


COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE FOURTH-OF-JULY CROWDS GOING TO THE FAIR GROUNDS.—Drawn by Victor Perard.

Greatest Day of the Fair thus far. Attendance, 274,917.



WEIGHING SILVER.



WEIGHING GOLD AND SILVER.

IN THE TREASURY VAULTS AT WASHINGTON.—From Photographs by Bell.—[See Page 670.]

THE LATE ANTHONY J. DREXEL.

The death of this eminent American, the head of the great banking-house with which his name is associated, has a wider significance than any circumscribed by the love of family, the friendship of associates, and the esteem of acquaintances. It leaves a deep, broad gap in the financial and mercantile communities of America and Europe, as the great undertakings of the house of Drexel, under its respective names in Philadelphia, New York, and Paris, were extended into nearly all countries on either side of the Atlantic. The famous house will still stand, but the chief builder of its usefulness and power, the careful director of its fortunes, will no longer have share or part in it.

Men of thought and conscience at the beginning of their careers commonly adopt a governing rule by which their steps are directed. Anthony J. Drexel adopted one, and until death removed him from the busy, helpful path that he had trod so long in the world of business it was his sole guiding principle in all the important and multitudinous affairs with which he had to do. That rule was, Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. The transactions of the Drexel banks, especially during the more recent years of their activity, were largely with government—national, State, municipal; with great corporations—railroads, banks, and other financial institutions; as well as with important firms that came to rely upon the late Mr. Drexel as a man of unusual sagacity and of unquestionable and unquestioned honor. If the record of the operations of this house were made public, it would be perceived how often the latter had been the prop and stay of public and private credit, the sustainer of institutions, corporations, firms, and individuals, to whom it gave assistance when their ruin had been else inevitable. This record would show as plainly as anything could do how public-spirited a man, how sincere a friend, how wise and broad-minded a citizen, Anthony J. Drexel was. It would show that by no single act of his life had he taken advantage of the misfortunes, difficulties, or embarrassments of any man or men, or of even corporations, which are said to have no souls, to enhance his own fortune. This record would show that again and again and many times again the money of his house was given or its stable credit pledged to prevent the financial ruin of those whom ruin menaced.

As a man of affairs, no one has ever spoken ill of Anthony J. Drexel, and he spoke no ill word of any one. He did not drive sharp bargains; he did not profit by the needs of others; he did not exact from those in his employ hard tasks and give them an inadequate wage. He was in active business a lenient, liberal creditor, a generous employer, considerate of, sympathetic with, every one who worked with and for him. His pride in the city of his birth was exceedingly great, as he so frequently demonstrated by the active part he took in all movements tending to Philadelphia's advantage.

This is the brief record of Anthony J. Drexel as a man of business, as it was revealed to me during the many years I enjoyed the rare and inestimable privilege of daily association and frank interchange of thought and feeling with him. For forty years he was my friend and companion; for more than a quarter of a century he was my partner in the ownership of the *Public Ledger*. It is difficult for me to speak of him at all; it would be impossible for me to do so if I could not speak of him as I knew him, as his character was revealed to me by the expression of his pure thought, his kindly, earnest sympathies, by the daily beauties of his life, which was so fruitful and friendly for all human kind, and by "his brave old wisdom of sincerity," for he, at least, was one man who would not and could not lie. If my affection, esteem, and admiration for him were to combine and conspire to overestimate the clear-grained human worth of my friend, they could not, I know, make him appear a nobler, manlier man than he really was in every relation of life. If one phase of his character predominated over all others, it was that common sympathy for his fellow-men which made him the beneficent philanthropist, the modest gentleman, the kindly helpful man he was. His benevolence was not half expressed in his many munificent gifts to established educational and charitable institutions, nor even in that great Institute which bears his honored name, and which will endure as an ever-gracious memory to buoy up, in the minds of the multitudes of youth who shall be made better, more useful, helpful men and women by its benefactions, the virtues of its bountiful, sagacious, foreseeing founder. The Drexel Institute was not the sequence of a sudden impulse of generosity, not the grudged fruit of age ripening to its fall. It was the result of deliberate purpose, of prolonged planning, and of change after change of plans which had again and again been deemed finished. Thought and time suggested improvements, broader fields of helpfulness, and the enlarged independence of the beneficiaries. Anthony J. Drexel was a discriminating giver, and the finally adopted plan of the Institute offers high testimony to his intelligently directed efforts to provide for poor youth the best educational advantages in the arts and sciences without impairing the native manliness and womanliness of those who are to enjoy its benefits. To lift up the manliness and womanliness of the poor was one of the objects of the foundation of this noted institution. By the mercy of God he was let live to see how good a thing his wisely shaped bounty had wrought for those of poorer fortunes, for whom his sympathies, his affection and tenderness, were so great and earnest.

My dear friend, companion, and partner of so many years was a man of singular modesty; one who feared and shunned praise more than blame. His manners were finely courteous, manly, gentle, and refined. His mind was as pure as a child's, and during all the years of our close companionship I never knew him to speak a word that he might not have freely spoken in the presence of his own children. His religion was as deep as his nature, and rested upon the enduring foundations of faith, hope, and charity. Love of his fellow-men was that quality which best denoted this noble Christian gentleman. He observed always a strict simplicity of living; he walked daily to and from his place of business, which was nearly three miles distant from his home. I was his companion, for the greater part of the way, every morning in these long walks, and as he passed up and down Chestnut Street he was wont to speak in his cordial, pleasant, friendly fashion to large numbers of all sorts and conditions of people. His smile was especially bright and attractive, and his voice low, sweet, sincere.

The life of such a man as Anthony J. Drexel, whose bounty was as broad as the sea, whose human sympathies as deep, is like a river, which, flowing within its banks, irrigates the fields upon either side, giving them increase and beauty; the benefits conferred upon those who came within its influence were of inestimable value. To know one such man is like having discovered the road to honorable manhood. His life was a sentient example of noble thought and endeavor; and with regard to him, whom I loved so long and well, whose friendship I so greatly prized, whose nobility of character I so honored, and whose memory I shall always revere, he suggests to me the fine portrait of one which another dear friend of mine, the late George William Curtis, sketched, many years ago. "I think," said Mr. Curtis, "that to have known one such good man, one man who through all the chances and rubs of a long life has carried his heart in his hand, helps our faith in God, in ourselves, and in each other more than many sermons."

When death comes to such a one as was my friend, or to any one who daily lives in the love of God and of men, "the readiness is all", and he was ever ready. His life had its full measure of sorrow, grief, pain, for he lived long, loved and suffered much, and yet its beneficence of spirit and deed was so great that it was largely blessed by the love and esteem which were so bountifully given him. We, to whom he gave so much that was vital, as affection, friendship, faith, can scarcely think of him as dead, but rather as one who has gone into more life, into a fuller, better one than he ever knew, as one that we shall happily meet again in that far country. In the economy of God, which notes the sparrow's fall, there are no accidents; there can be none when such a helper of men as Anthony J. Drexel is let pass from the world he did so much to make better and fairer. The passing of such a man makes stronger our faith in and gives new and convincing assurances of immortality; for if life ends here, why should such a benefactor of mankind be taken, and his sordid selfish neighbor left?

George W. Childs.

THE BISMARCK-PHELPS GROUP.

The portraits of Hon. William Walter Phelps and Prince Bismarck, which have recently been completed by Koppay, are now on exhibition in Berlin, and will shortly be sent to New York for exhibition also. The painting from which the illustration in this number is taken is a very large canvas, both figures being full length and nearly life size, and it is said to be one of Koppay's most successful pieces of work.

It will have a peculiar interest to all Americans for several reasons, and will be sure to attract considerable attention when it arrives in this country. Herr Koppay is probably the most famous of German portrait-painters to-day, and he is said to have painted more "crowned heads" than any other living artist, except possibly Angeli of Vienna. Originally one of Lenbach's pupils, he has fairly outstripped his master. He works quickly, sketching the heads from life—Mr. Phelps's having been drawn just previous to his return to America—and then transfers them to the canvas, magnifying the strong features almost to caricature, and leaving the finishing touches to a less famous but more painstaking artist.

The painting is complete in itself, of course, but it is also a forerunner of the great picture of the Samoan Conference which Koppay is now at work upon. The Conference sat at Berlin in 1889 under the presidency of Count Herbert Bismarck, the Prince's son, who then held the position of Imperial Minister of Foreign Affairs. Mr. Phelps was the chief commissioner for the United States; and Prince Bismarck, though he did not himself take part in the sittings of the Conference, followed the whole matter very closely from day to day, and often invited either the whole Conference or individual members to his famous Radziwill Palace, at 76 Wilhelmstrasse, almost across the way from the *Auswärtige Amt*, where the sittings were held.

During the course of the proceedings Mr. Phelps and he became fast friends, and the incident of Koppay's picture represents one of the many friendly visits which Mr. Phelps made to the Chancellor's palace. The two used to sit together, or walk about the fine old hall, discussing the progress of the Conference, the Chancellor's two immense and well-known hounds following them about wherever they went. Koppay has caught them all at a moment when Mr. Phelps has apparently just finished an earnest discussion of some detail of the treaty. Bismarck, with his hand on one hound's head, is on the point of making a reply after a moment's reflection, with the fixed look in his eyes of one who is still thinking of his coming remark.

This palace of the Radziwills was purchased by the old Emperor Wilhelm I. for his first Chancellor, and Berliners came to look upon it and indeed to speak of it as "Bismarck's Palace"; for the average man never seemed to think of any other Chancellor for the empire than this first and great one. In the large painting of the Conference a portion of the palace will appear in the background; and besides the portraits of Bismarck and Phelps, those of John A. Kasson and George W. Gates, the other commissioners, will appear, together with those of Mr. Coleman and Mr. Crosby, the secretary and second secretary.

When Mr. Phelps settled in Berlin afterwards as American Minister to Germany this friendship with Bismarck was renewed and strengthened, and the painting, while it is suggested by the Conference over the question of Samoa, is also a monument to the keen friendship of these two distinguished men.

THE SILVER IN THE TREASURY VAULTS.

A picture of the vaults of the Treasury in which silver bullion is stored is an instructive object-lesson. It is known vaguely that the United States are buying every month 4,500,000 ounces of silver, and that this represents about the product of the silver mines of the United States. It is not known what an enormous bulk of silver the laws of Congress have compelled the government to purchase and keep.

The government has been buying silver ever since 1878, when the law known as the Bland law went into effect. Until August 13, 1890, the Treasury purchased every month $2,000,000 worth of bullion to be coined into standard dollars. It might have expended $4,000,000 in that way, and the country ought to be thankful, perhaps, that the different Secretaries restrained themselves from going to the utmost limit of the statute. Nevertheless, the government purchased, under the law of 1878, 308,199,261.71 ounces, at a cost of $328,635,576 19—an average cost of $1 05 an ounce. There are in circulation about $380,000,000 in silver, most of which is in silver certificates, the metal back of these notes being stored in the Treasury. Stated roughly, 300,000,000 standard silver dollars would cover a space of nearly one-half a square mile.

Since August 13, 1890, the government has been buying 4,500,000 ounces of silver a month. On the silver purchased under the act of 1878 the government made a profit of about $70,000,000 by stamping a lie on every 375 grains of fine silver. On the silver purchased under the act of 1890 the government has lost about $40,000,000 by the depreciation of its stock of bullion on hand.

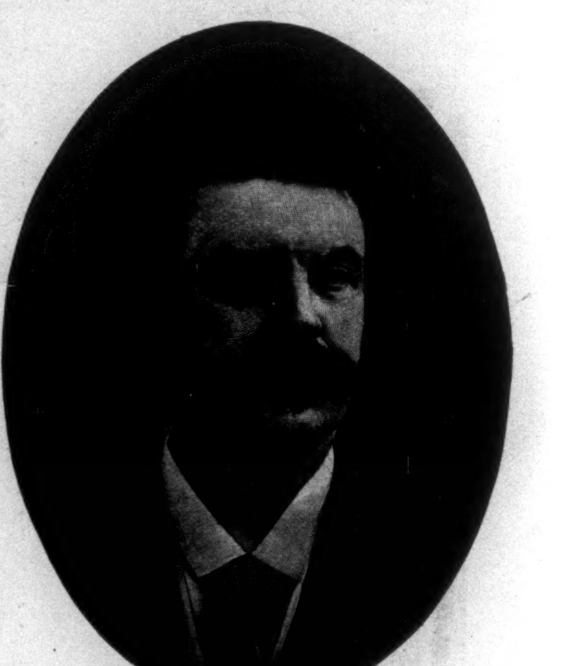
The amount purchased under the act of 1890, most of which is stored in the vaults of the Treasury, was about 157,000,000 ounces on the 1st of July. The government owns, therefore, about 4900 tons of silver, for which it is obliged to find storage-room. Moreover, it must go on buying and storing more than 140 tons of silver a month, and is issuing against the metal paper money, which it is redeeming in gold and receiving for its dues, but which is not regarded as money or a valid representative of money in any other country in the world except Mexico and the South American republics, with whom we trade through London, and who, inconsistently perhaps, demand payment of our debts to them for hides, coffee, and other articles that we import in gold exchange.

But we are now concerning ourselves with the load of silver bullion which the government is storing. It is difficult to foresee what will be done with this amount of material. Even if the Sherman law is repealed, there it is, and if the government undertakes to sell it, the silver market will go even lower than it did the other day, when the silver-miners of Colorado threatened to close their mines because India was about to stop the free coinage of silver. In other words, the silver-miners insist that the government shall buy and maintain the price of their product, although the Treasury vaults now hold 4900 tons of it which it cannot sell, on which it has lost millions of the money of the tax-payers, and which is threatening the credit of the government. If the silver-miners have the right to demand this, why is it absurd for the farmers to demand that the government store their crops and loan them money on them?

THE DIFFERENCE.

The Cynic sneered when, like the chiming of a silver bell,
The merry shout of Love rang far and wide;
But when upon the world the Cynic's jeering laughter fell,
Love only sighed.

F. S. M.



GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

At the early age of forty-three Guy de Maupassant is dead. He was one of the most brilliant story-tellers of his time, and one of the best examples of a school of literature that is the flower of French vices. He was himself the exponent of the kind of society he painted, and he led the life which he depicted.

He was born near Dieppe, on August 5, 1850, and began his education in Normandy. But his most important instruction was by Flaubert, with whom the young enthusiast studied the art of literature while he was a department clerk. Flaubert had just won fame by the publication of *Madame Bovary*, and he was a censorious master. Maupassant worked hard and conscientiously, and finally satisfied his exacting master, who at length consented that he should publish. Perhaps the waiting was judicious. At all events, Maupassant's success after he began to publish was almost immediate, and since his appearance in print he has been one of the foremost men of French literature. The list of his works would be long. The first that gave a genuine shock to the reading public on this side of the water was *Une Vie*, a story with as much vileness as was ever injected into a volume by Maupassant's friend Zola, without a particle of Zola's moral teaching. *Belle Amie* was another work of the same kind, giving a picture of French society which Madame Adam insists is not French society at all. Maupassant was at his best in short stories, so delicately and sweetly told that one knew the teller to possess the soul of an artist. That he could write what was pure as well as what was *salé* is known to all who are familiar with the dainty collection published by Harper & Brothers in the "Odd Number Series." It was two years ago when Maupassant first gave signs that dissipation and work were breaking him down. In the closing part of 1891 he rose suddenly from his work-table one midnight and attempted to shoot himself. But the bullets had been extracted from the pistol by a member of the family, who had feared this end, and the brilliant writer was taken to a private asylum for the insane. There he became an imbecile, and is finally dead, leaving behind to mourn him his mother and a brother.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

XIII.

THE appearance and deportment of young Frederick Pratt as a witness in the Vibert case offered several delicate shades whose noting and whose accounting for may justify a paragraph or two. His general effect, then, was in the highest degree sobered, chastened, depressed. To what was this to be attributed?

To his consciousness of the overshadowing majesty of the law? No; for the law had turned its softest and most silken side outward: the little party had taken up its informal grouping at the judge's elbow, and had replied conversationally to the interrogations of the judge himself or to the prompting inquiries of Brainard's attorney. Justicia had appeared in her most sympathetic and domestic aspect.

Was the youth disappointed as to his performance of a *beau rôle?* There is no doubt that he had anticipated with some relish his first appearance in the witness-box. He would have been obliged, it is true, to confess himself a minor, and he might have been exposed to the humiliating necessity of declaring that he understood the nature of an oath; but after that all would have been smooth sailing. Only to be for full fifteen minutes the observed of all observers, to be able to lift up his voice and tell—all—he—knew! Yet to be balked in this called for exasperation rather than deep dejection; and deep dejection, after all, was what he chiefly showed.

Was this dejection the sign of sympathetic sorrow for the woes of his former friend and playmate? Not quite. His sympathy, while real enough, was largely the sprightly product of novelty, curiosity, and conscious self-importance; unentangled with other considerations, it would have shown itself in a nervous and volatile loquacity.

But Freddy in court was not loquacious; he gave his testimony after a benumbed and backward fashion that indicated other and deeper troubles. The boy, in fact, was under a cloud. An issue of some importance had arisen between the Underground National Bank and its youngest messenger; it involved no less a question than that of *meum* and *tuum*. Freddy Pratt, as messenger, had been in the habit of making two or three daily trips through the business district, during which the notes and acceptances that filled his big official wallet came to be exchanged for checks and greenbacks that represented corresponding values. One or two discrepancies had developed that called for attention.

The boy's father came down to the Underground to contribute his share of this attention. He was a grave, repressive, saturnine person, who might have been set down as possessed of far greater means to meet the requirements of a growing boy in the midst of a circle of well-to-do urban acquaintances than of inclination to study those requirements. He was received in Brainard's own private room, and the affairs of the penitent and sobbing boy were discussed over his head by his parent and his employer.

"You foolish child," said the elder Pratt to his son, in the self-conscious tone by which we address age through youth; "if you wanted anything, why didn't you ask me for it?"

This father, seriously handicapped as he was by his own temperament, was attempting to treat the matter as something rather slight and trivial. The pettiness of the amount involved, the perfect ease of restitution, the youth of the offender, the utter simplicity and primitiveness of his methods—all these he touched upon with a feint of light-handed ease. Another might have blown an airy bubble like this, even in the face of Brainard's ominous and taciturn frown; but Pratt was not the man to do it. He soon left the upper air of informal jocularity for the firmer ground of argument and expostulation, and this ground, before he ended, was almost pressed by the knees of entreaty.

"It's plain enough," said Brainard at length; "he took it and he kept it."

Each one from his own point of view cast his eye on the culprit.

"But it can't be that you mean to ruin a boy's future in any such way as this?" snarled the boy's father, with a rasping expostulation.

Brainard turned a look on him from under his overhanging brows.

"Um," he merely said, in a voice which might have meant anything.

But the affair presently came to adjustment—a treaty with several clauses. Brainard wished to use the boy in court; to dispose of the Vibert matter in the cursory fashion that he hoped to follow permitted scant margin for the plea of desertion, and he was depending on young Pratt for the recital of certain occurrences which, in a cumulative way, might have their bearings on the plea of cruelty. Pratt junior was to testify in court, Pratt senior was to reimburse the bank, and the boy's final dismissal from the Underground would then be timed in a way so disassociated from any particular cause as to excite no comment and to occasion no injury. But all this was scant and nominal payment for Brainard's clemency; a larger one followed.

Brainard owned a number of woe-begone tenements scattered here and there over that unattractive part of the West Side which is most affected by manufacturers of furniture. One of these tumble-down dwellings adjoined a large lot owned by Ingles—took out one corner, in fact, in such a way as to interfere seriously with its value for building purposes. Ingles, in treaty with a furniture firm for the putting up of a building, had made an offer for this corner. Brainard, informed as to the circumstances, had put a price on it that was excessive—exorbitant. Ingles had taken time for consideration, and at the very moment of Pratt's call a letter from him lay on Brainard's desk to the effect that he was looking elsewhere; evidently, on principle, he was drawing off. Brainard had no use for the property, and it was hardly paying taxes. He wanted to sell it at his own figure, and he had expected to. Ingles's tactics nettled him; he solaced himself by a step that reached Ingles and Pratt at the same time. He sardonically raised his price a peg higher, and offered the property to Pratt with an intimation that refusal would not be entertained. He put his lot still further beyond the reach of Ingles's possible necessities, and he made it realize even more than Ingles had declined to pay. Pratt swallowed this mouthful with such grace as he could command; and with the celerity possible to a perfected system of land transfer when supplemented by the guarantee of a title company, Norval H. Pratt, in a day or two, became the owner, at an excessive price, of a piece of property for which he had no use, and for which, so far as he knew, no one else had any use either.

This transaction was at once noted by McDowell, whose study of the daily transfers as reported in the real-estate publications was minute, and whose attention had been fixed for some time on this particular piece of ground. He knew something of Ingles's intentions, through the people whom Ingles was endeavoring to accommodate, and he saw here the entering wedge that he had waited for so long. He had approached Brainard unsuccessfully; he now tried Pratt. Pratt, who figured himself justly enough as a lamb led to the shearing, made no effort to evade the rôle; he promptly made an agreement for the transfer of the Brainard lot to McDowell. He let it go at a decided sacrifice—he sold it at a possible shade under its actual value.

McDowell, whose eagerness had committed him to an out-and-out purchase, was now in a position to approach Ingles. He was willing to sell the ground for simply what it had cost him; his profits would come later, through that open door between 1262 and 1263. Ingles received him coldly. He had disposed, he said, of his holdings in that neighborhood, and was using the proceeds to build for his new tenants in another quarter. He bowed McDowell out with a faintly cynical contempt, and this enterprising person was left with an unpromising piece of ground on his hands to dispose of as best he might. He tried the new purchasers of Ingles's lot; his own was not necessary to their purposes.

McDowell was seriously embarrassed. This bit of ground was a trifle in itself—to Ingles or to Pratt it mattered little either way; but to McDowell, who was of a considerably smaller calibre, the thing came as a kind of last straw. In expectation of great activity in acres, he had loaded himself down with outside property; everything of his own was invested in that way, everything that was his wife's, and something, to tell the truth, that was neither his nor his wife's. He was in up to his chin, and at this moment came Ogden, asking him in set terms for an accounting and a settlement.

McDowell met this demand with a promise of figures, and he renewed this promise several times. The intervals between gave opportunity for a slow insinuation of the truth—for a graduated confession that a considerable part of old Mr. Ogden's estate was tied up in the operations of his son-in-law. This confession was followed by his statement; but it was some time before the account opened at the Underground by George received any great enlargement through the agent of the administratrix.

"It's all right, though," McDowell said; "you don't need to worry, and there's no use in stirring things up. There's big money ahead, and you'll stand in."

But the statement was the ground, and a sufficient one, for a rupture. McDowell, in order to diminish his indebtedness to the estate, had charged it with various fees and percentages of his own, and with numerous items that properly concerned his individual and household expenses. He charged the estate with a new porch on the front of his own house, and with the full expense of railway travel which had been undertaken in great part for his own inter-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1902.

ests. He even made a hardy attempt to force the Brainard lot upon the indignant widow.

Mrs. Ogden immediately left his house, in spite of the good offices of her bewildered daughter. George himself, forecasting the future, beheld a long succession of wrangling days in the law courts and in the offices of attorneys—days that threatened to surpass in worry, loss, expense, and nerve-wear anything that his family had experienced yet. He felt himself on the threshold of a struggle for which he was but scantily equipped, and in which he was certain to be seriously handicapped through consideration for Kittie.

Absorbed in these moody reflections, he was crossing the court of the Clifton on a Saturday afternoon, when a pencil tap on one of the great glass panes took his attention. The tap was sounded on the court frontage of Darrell & Bradley's branch, and George started from his reverie to see the face of Bradley himself looking out at him over the rulers, mucilage-bottles, and memorandum-books that formed symmetrical piles within.

Bradley hastened to throw open the narrow glass door adjoining the show-window, and motioned George in with a friendly and quizzical grimace.

"Let Jones walk," he said, crinkling up his eyes and laying his fat hand on Ogden's shoulder.

"He *is* walking," responded George, with a wan smile.

Bradley drew him in and closed the door.

"Well, let him walk in a different path, then. Let him come out to Hinsdale to-morrow and try the primrose path."

"Of dalliance?" asked George, with a doleful attempt to meet half-way the cheery facetiousness of the other.

"Well, I don't think a little dalliance would hurt him." Bradley made it seem quite absurd that a young fellow of twenty-five should have any real cares and annoyances. "All work and no play—you know."

"I'm afraid so," admitted George, with a pathos that the elder man found amusing.

Bradley stepped back to a snug office that was stowed away behind a tall piece of shelving piled with newly bound account-books, to pick up his hat. "I'm glad to have caught sight of you," he proceeded, with the friendliness of an elder brother: "I've just taken an hour or so to overhaul things here a little. If you're going north, I'll walk a block or two with you."

They passed out into the street, and picked their way along through the splashing, slumping, and dripping that marks the spring break-up. They elbowed other pedestrians over miry flaggings, and they dodged the muddy spray that bumping trucks sent up from the street-car tracks at almost every crossing.

"My wife's wondering what has become of you," Bradley puffed out, among many other things, as he tried to keep up with Ogden's supple and light-footed gait. "And Jessie, too. She's home to-morrow—just back from Evanston. You come out on the eleven fifty-five, and we'll have an early dinner, and that will leave enough of the afternoon to make things worth while. And we'll show you that spring is a little nearer at hand than you'd suspect in town. Your first spring here?"

"Yes."

"Pretty bad, ain't it?"

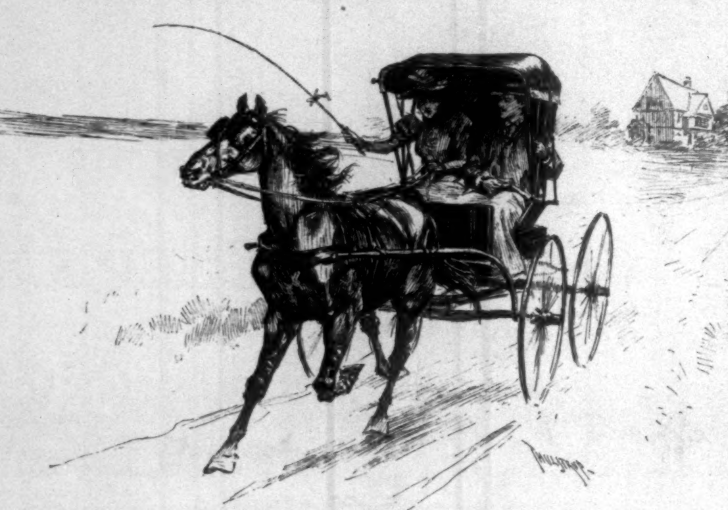
"Worse than Boston," said George, in a tone implying that nothing further could be added.

At the next corner Bradley paused, detaining him for a moment with a friendly hand.

"Sunday noon, then. You provide the dalliance and we'll see to the primroses. Care anything for 'em?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!"

"Good thing; can't have chrysanthemums all the year round. Well, good-by. Jessie will drive down for you in the buggy."



"'HERE WE GO,' SHE CRIED, 'SUNDAY OR NO SUNDAY. I HATE TO POKE.'"

"I'll be there," called Ogden, as they drifted apart in the thickening crowd.

He had reached the point where he felt it would be a relief to cut away from town and everything in it—the bustle, the uproar, the filth, the routine of the bank, the complications of the Brainards, the entanglements of the Ogdens. It was a simple thing to do—only so many miles of flimsy and shabby shanties and back views of sheds and stables; of grimy cindered switch-yards, with the long flanks of freight-houses and interminable strings of loaded or empty cars; of dingy viaducts and groggy lamp-posts and dilapidated fences whose scanty remains called to remembrance lotions and tonics that had long passed their vogue; of groups of Sunday loungers before saloons, and gangs of unclassifiable foreigners picking up bits of coal along the tracks; of muddy crossings over roads whose bordering ditches were filled with flocks of geese; of wide prairies cut up by endless tracks, dotted with pools of water, and rustling with the dead grasses of last summer; then suburbs new and old—some in the fresh promise of sidewalks and trees and nothing else, others unkempt, shabby, gone to seed; then a high passage over a marshy plain, a range of low wooded hills, emancipation from the dubious body known as the Cook County Commissioners—and Hinsdale.

At the station Jessie Bradley sat drawn up in a buggy; she had her place in a small convention of phaetons, carryalls, and express-wagons. She tossed her head brightly and waved her whip.

"I could have walked as well as not," said Ogden, climbing in. "What's half a mile?"

"Three-quarters—almost," she corrected. She gathered up the lines and secured the approved hold on the whip. "Unless *you* care to drive?" she suggested.

"Not particular," replied Ogden, leaning back easily. "Quite willing to be a passenger."

He took a look at her sidewise from behind. She wore a pert little flat-brimmed, flat-crowned hat, set straight on the top of her head; a stray lock of hair brushed across her ear in the breeze; she had a bunch of pale purple primroses at her throat.

"You may if you want to," she said, with a sudden turn in his direction. Her eyes snapped and sparkled.

"I'd as soon see you—unless you don't care to."

"Oh, as far as that goes! Just hold on tight, though. Get up, John!"

She drew a taut rein and flicked the horse over the ear. He was a mettlesome five-year-old, and he rushed into his best gait at once. "Here we go!" she cried, "Sunday or no Sunday. I hate to poke."

She rushed him through the outskirts of the town; she bumped over the cumbrous plank crossings, she grazed one or two of the wooden posts that held up oil-lamps, she charged a flock on its homeward way from church and cut it into two frightened and indignant halves. She was on her native heath; she felt it; she showed it.

George grasped the buggy cover with his left hand and held his right in readiness to seize the reins. The buggy, with many a bump and sudden wrench, sped on over the stones and ruts and puddles and rough crossings of an indifferent country road, and presently it turned into a yard with a rasping graze on one of the two painted white posts that made the entranceway. On the side porch of the house stood the girl's parents. They were laughing.

Jessie jumped out briskly. She struck a masculine attitude on the carriage-block, her right hand resting on the stock of her whip, her left arm a-kimbo.

"I was to get yer through on time; them was my orders; and here ye are!"

George climbed out carefully.

"Poor Horace!" chuckled Bradley, coming down; "he's here all right, but is he able to give his lecture?"

Mrs. Bradley followed, to shake hands. She wore a black silk dress, and there was a bit of lace over her thin hair—an adornment which her consciousness seemed to put forth as a modish novelty. Her wrinkles all flowed together in a companionable smile.

"He may have lost his voice on the way," she joked, "but we hope he saved his appetite."

"They're both all right," said George, laughing in turn.

Bradley was at the horse's head. "The voice is there, anyway," he said, in cautious acknowledgment. "And we'll see about the appetite as soon as you've got enough spare breath to say 'Amen' to our grace."

The Bradley house was a mere box of a building set in an acre lot. They had built for themselves, on finally breaking with the city, two years before; and they had accepted the gables and dormers and shingles and the brown and yellow paint that the modest suburban house of the period finds it so difficult to evade. They stood on high, rolling ground; there were half-hints of considerable vistas here and there, and they were surrounded by groves and copses through which, to-day, the first faint colors of the spring were hurtling. Bradley, after dinner, walked Ogden around the house—previous visits had been confined to the parlor. He dwelt on the swelling of the lilac buds, and he drew attention with an impartial interest to the first sproutings of his peonies and of his rhubarb. The back of the place was littered with the débris of a second greenhouse in an advanced stage of construction, and through this disorder he picked his way, along with his daughter and his guest, towards the door of the first.

"Hop in," said Bradley, lifting his own foot over the perpendicular threshold. The air within was but a few degrees warmer than the air without, yet closer. On either side stretched fragmental beds of young plants, with frequent breaks between. "It's late for prims, after all; and a good many of them are outside, anyway." He waved his hand over a few patches of color on the left; there were white, pink, cherry, pale purple, such as Jessie was wearing, and a few belated clumps of young and indeterminate green.

Ogden passed to and fro, with the oh's and ah's that accompany the exposition of any host's pet hobby, however partial and trifling the exhibit may be. He had done the same last autumn with the chrysanthemums.

Bradley took this tribute with the customary complacency, and presently drifted to one side for a word with his man about a small matter of glazing—he had quite an eye for broken panes. Ogden leaned against a damp ledge. Jessie had seated herself on one of the steps of a rude flower-stand; she brushed aside two or three small pots that had been left standing on it.

She showed an air of lassitude; it had been stealing over her all through dinner, and now it had completely overtaken her in the languid atmosphere of the flowers. Her slender arms hung limply, and she moved her back as if to find a comfortable rest for it. Her face, under the pallor of the painted glass, looked rather colorless and a little drawn, and a languorous apathy seemed to have taken the sparkle from her eyes.

She looked up at him as she dropped the petals of a primrose one by one. "You didn't care to drive, then?"

"Did you want me to? I'm sorry not to have understood. You drove down, and so I thought— Was it too much for you, both ways?"

"Oh no. It only struck me that you might want to. You were not—that is, you understand horses?"

"Certainly; I drive on occasion." He smiled serenely, not in the least disturbed by her perfectly obvious thought. "However, a wise man never goes out of his way to handle a strange horse. Perhaps that isn't one of Solomon's proverbs, but it ought to be."

"You are awfully cautious." She rose undecidedly, and presently she sat down again, with a little sigh.

"I have to be. That is my business—from half past eight till four. Perhaps it's growing on me."

"I don't mean that. You were born cautious; you'd be cautious anyway."

"I'm a down-Easter, you know. Look before you leap. Perhaps I shall learn the off-hand Western ways in time. I'll try to. I'll make myself over."

"I wonder if you can," she said, half to herself. Then aloud: "But I don't believe all down-Easters are as careful as you are. There must be lots of them who would have just laid the whip on that horse, and run over a boy or two, and knocked our gate-post to pieces, and come up to the door with a wheel just ready to break to flinders. Why couldn't you have done it? I shouldn't have minded it—I should have liked it first-rate." She spoke with a kind of lingering drawl, and there was a half-smile in her lack-lustre eye.

"Your father would have minded it, though, and so should I. Never begin to dance without arranging about the fiddler. Good rule, don't you think?"

She threw a bare stem to the ground. "Oh yes; but tiresome." She rose. "Close in here, isn't it? Let's go outside."

XIV.

The sun that had given some warmth to the early hours of the afternoon was dimmed, later, by an overcasting of thin clouds, and the rest of the time was passed in-doors. George smoked a friendly cigar with Bradley in the dining-room, and after Mrs. Bradley had disappeared for a short nap he whiled away the remaining hours with Jessie in the parlor. They sat in two easy-chairs on opposite sides of the fireplace, in which a handful of coal was working against the last lingering chill of winter. The girl had partly recovered her earlier tone, and she chatted with him in a string of smart jocularities with the manner which sometimes assures a doubtful caller that he has not made a mistake in coming, and that he has not remained too long after coming. But between these uptilted strata of facetiousness there came now and then a layer of greater seriousness, and in one of these intervals she trenched on the domestic affairs of the Brainards.

"Poor Mayme went south the other day, didn't she? I hardly suppose you could call it a visit?" She looked at him soberly, with her eyebrows slightly raised.

George winced. "To visit her uncle's family," he answered. He half wondered why he reiterated her word and even emphasized it.

"Her sister was going to run down there with her."

"I heard so."

"You see Abbie occasionally?"

"Occasionally."

"I suppose she is at the bank a good deal?"

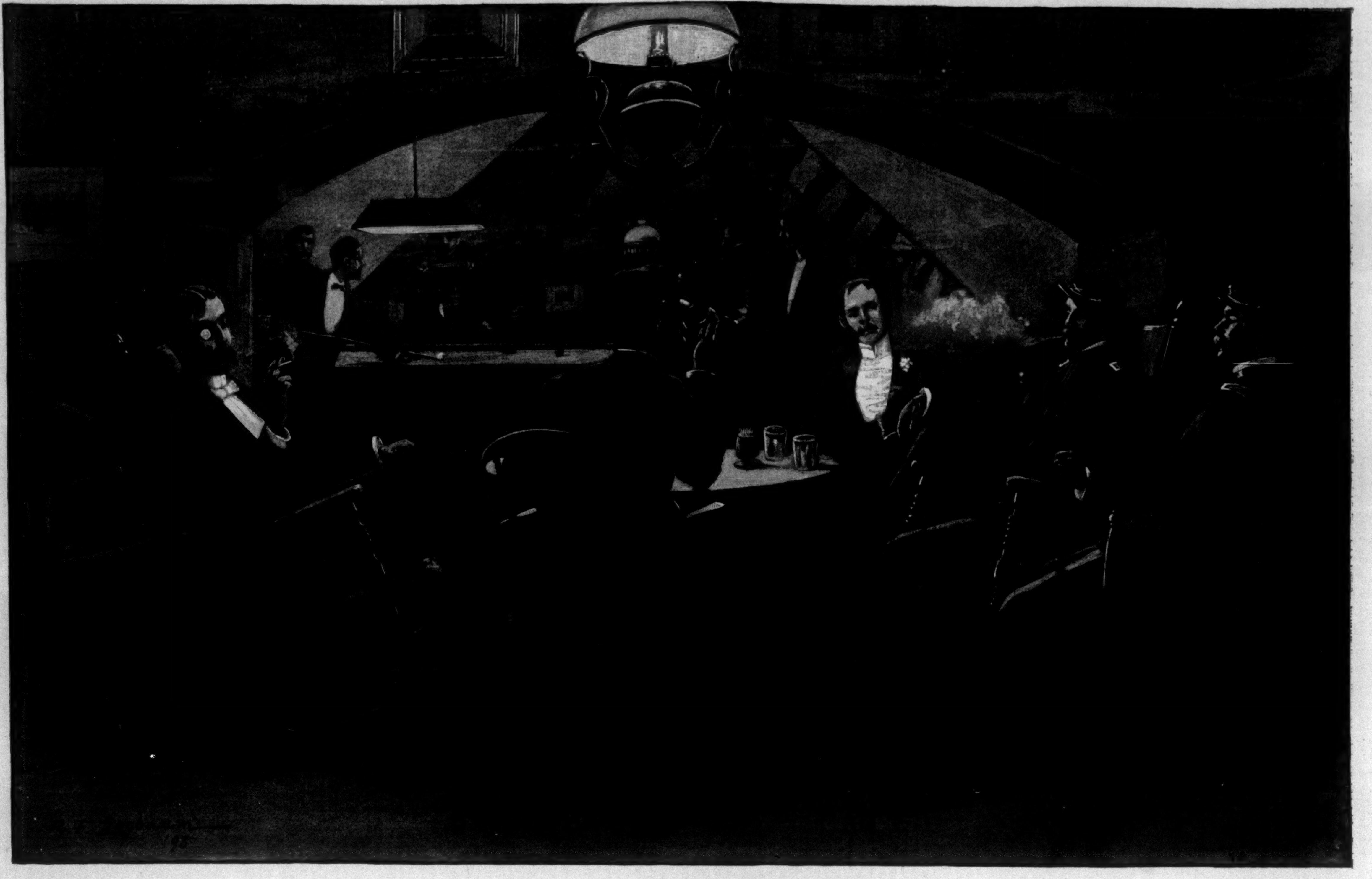
"Not often." He fixed his eye on the last flickerings of the coals and lapsed into silence. It was not so easy now as once before to discuss Abbie Brainard with Jessie Bradley.

Mrs. Bradley came in brisk and refreshed about half an hour before train-time. The young people were chatting amusedly enough on indifferent subjects, and she urged Ogden to tea with the clinging insistency of the suburban housekeeper.

"You can go home by moonlight; I've arranged it all for you." She drew aside a window-curtain and showed him a pale white disk in a bluish sky. "It's full, you see. We just have cold meat and tea and biscuits—I don't want to keep you under false pretences."

The moon kept faith with his hostess, lighting him to the station and following him in to town and keeping him in sight through a mile of noisy and glaring streets. From the car window, now and then, as the train passed back through a string of scattered suburbs and crossed the flat reaches of prairie-land between, he was conscious of her bland insipidity; and as he traversed the downtown business district she raked the long parallels of the east-and-west streets with an undiscriminating indifference that a mind less preoccupied might have found irritating. It was all the same to that big foolish face—town and country were one. It had its vacuous smile for trees and fields, and it had the same smile for the variant lights of the street cars, for the clamorous cab-drivers around the depots, for the flaring jewelled guide-posts of the theatres, for the gaudy fronts of sample-rooms, for the cheap dishevelment of occasional strayed revellers, for the signs of chiropodists and the swinging shingles of justices of the peace, and for a certain meditative young man, whether he was traversing the rustic roads of Hinsdale or the sophisticated planks of the State Street Bridge. Ogden's thoughts flowed along with a quiet and grateful sense of the friendliness of the Bradleys, and with many a ripple, wave, and eddy to correspond with the changing moods of their daughter. He made a careful rehearsal of some of their bits of talk—why had she said this? what had she meant by that? why had she done the other? He dwelt on these matters with an absorbed speculation; and with a young man of Ogden's temperament speculation was but the first step on the way to love.

The spring trailed along slowly, with all its discomforts of latitude and locality, and then came the long fresh evenings of early June, when domesticity brings out its rugs and druggets, and invites its friends and neighbors to sit with it on its front steps. The Brainards had these appendages to local housekeeping—lingering reminders of a quick growth from village to city. Theirs was a large rug made of two breadths of Brussels carpeting and surrounded on all four sides with a narrow border of pink and blue flowers on a moss-colored background. This rug covered the greater part of the long flight of limestone steps. In the beautiful coolness of these fresh June evenings Abbie frequently sat there on the topmost step, while her mother occupied a carpet camp-chair within the vestibule and languidly allowed the long twilight to overtake her neglected chess-board. They sat out now only after dark. Ogden called at intervals, and was not flattered that the poor girl brightened at his coming; it seemed as if she must brighten at the coming of almost anybody.



FORT MONROE (CASEMATE) CLUB.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 674.]

One evening he elected to tell off their long street on foot—the street whose ornamental lamp-posts and infrequent spindling elms had partly decided him in the selection of his first quarters. When within a few streets of the Brainard corner he passed a house (one of a long row) on whose front steps (as with its neighbors, right and left) were camped a large and merry party, whose exaggerated domesticity made it plain that they were all fellow-boarders. They occupied two rugs as well as two chairs and a footstool at the head of the steps. Through their light-minded hubbub came dominatingly a voice which Ogden recognized, and he threw up his head to meet the frank but overdone bow of Cornelia McNabb. Beside Cornelia sat a young man, who bowed at the same time with a somewhat forced and conscious smile. It was Burton Brainard.

Cornelia had returned to the neighborhood of her early trials. She considered herself now on a distinctly fashionable street; she put "Washington Boulevard" on her cards, and thought her eight dollars a week was none too much. She had had a plate engraved and a hundred cards printed. She had not found it easy to dispose of many of them; sometimes she gave them in shops, when she was asked to what address the goods were to be sent.

"But just wait till I order my next plate!" she would say to herself.

She had left one of her cards with Mrs. Gore. The poor good soul (come in from her baking) was quite taken aback. Then Cornelia, conscious of too stiff an application of the social code, kissed her on coming away and made herself more intelligible.

"Yes," Abbie was saying to Ogden, a few minutes later, "Cornelia is a pretty smart girl. Father has come to be quite taken with her."

He noticed that she said—Cornelia.

"She takes down some of his letters now too," she continued. "*I* never learned," she added, in a tone of slight self-reproach.

"Good Peter!" exclaimed Ogden, with a protesting admiration, "you can do almost everything else!"

She waved aside this ardent apology, and looked rather shyly through the rusty iron-work of the hand-rail. The syringas were in blossom; the asphalt path had stopped its afternoon's running and had solidified since sundown.

"I think he likes her because she isn't afraid of him. Neither are you," she added, in a low tone, as if on an afterthought. She did not look his way.

Ogden appreciated this appreciation of his behavior. He had always been prompt and respectful with Brainard, but he had never knuckled down.

"He gives her letters almost every day. She corrects his mistakes."

"And he corrects hers?"

"He says she doesn't make many. When she does she sticks it out. She talks back. That's where she's bright. It kind of irritates him, I think, to have his—his clerks—his employés seem afraid. It pleases him, though, when other business men are."

This piece of filial analysis fell softly and slowly on the thickening darkness. The lamp-lighter was zigzagging across the wide roadway with his kerosene torch, and the voices of talkative neighbors on the other side of the street were brought over with the breeze along with the fumes of burning oil.

Ogden was pleased with this touch of gilding that the daughter's devotion applied to the father's clay. Perhaps the old man was not hopelessly beyond the reach of idealization's hand, after all.

Besides the people on other steps around many clattered by over the asphalt pavement, and others promenaded slowly along the sidewalk. These moved in couples towards the Park, whose scant clumps of citified foliage appeared a few hundred yards away under the light of a waning moon and a half-bemisted sprinkling of stars; many of them issued from basement doors.

Presently another couple came sauntering along, and they paused at the foot of the Brainard steps. They were Burt and Cornelia. Cornelia came up and found a place on the rug that suited her, and greeted Mrs. Brainard in a familiar and masterful manner, before which the good woman soon boxed up her chessmen and retired. Cornelia then turned to Ogden.

"Stiff—or bashful?"

"H'm?"

"Why didn't you stop and say a word as you passed by?"

"Oh! Yes, bashful; too many people."

"Too bad about you!" She turned to Burton. He had seated himself on a lower step, with his back to the others. His hat was on the back of his head, and his chin was propped up by his knees and elbows. He was looking thoughtfully at the curb-stone. "Come up and be sociable," she called.

Burt rose and ascended a step or two.

"Oh, how are you, Ogden?" he said, rather absently. George felt that he should have said more, and said it sooner, and said it differently.

Cornelia passed a cushion down to Burt. "There; take that and be comfortable." She regarded him studiously. It was dark, but he was all there—the short thick yellow mustache, the virile chin lately shaved and powdered, the dense hair that rose in a level line from the top of his forehead. Cornelia would have seen all these things in darkness that was Egyptian. She felt her fingers working towards them.

Cornelia was dressed with a trim and subdued modishness. She had taken a good many cues from Mrs. Floyd, and she had not been above cultivating an intimacy with a girl who worked for the excessively dear and fashionable house that dressed Mrs. Ingles. Mrs. Floyd had had no need to teach Cornelia anything about grammar, but she had shown her, all unconsciously, the advantage of a regulated use of slang.

Her fingers, debarred by the cold conventions of society from any entanglement in the head of hair just before her, smoothed and patted the folds in her own skirt. She further relieved herself by a high sniffling toss of the head and a long deep respiration.

"Well, isn't this a great night?" she said, addressing the little party generally. "Isn't the air splendid? I declare, I could just ramble about till morning. And yet I suppose your mother"—to Abbie—"has checkmated herself and gone to bed. Dear me, if there wasn't any city, and no clatter-clatter on that machine! Seems as if I must just make a break for the country before long—just get up home and hop into my little boat and paddle all around that whole blessed lake!"

"Why don't you?" asked Ogden. "Can't you give yourself a vacation?" He spoke a little wistfully; there was none ahead for him—no Underground man ever had an outing during his first year.

"I don't see how. They say you can't serve two masters. Well, I've got five—four too many. At least," she tacked on, as if a closer calculation would further increase the number of these superfluities. "Can I go all over the building and tell each one of them that my services are going to be demanded exclusively for several days by some other one of them? Or shall I be sick—just for a day, at first, and keep adding days, one at a time, until I've had a week? I don't know what *to* do."

"Drop the whole business," said Burt, brusquely, without turning about.

"And leave all my poor people in the lurch?" she cried, as if her employers were her most poignant concern.

"They can get somebody else."

"Oh, yes!" cried Cornelia, with mock humility. "I'm nobody; I can be easily replaced." She cast her humility aside lightly. "I'll tell you what I would do, though, if I was up at Pewaukee this eve. I'd paddle down to Lakeside and back—by the light of that moon." She pointed down the street toward the park foliage. "The moon that gilds those fruit-tree tops—Shakespeare. And it would be a good deal brighter up there than it is in this smoky old place."

"Can you row?" asked Ogden.

"Can I? I guess. Pair of oars made to order; and I can feather with 'em, too. Speaking of Lakeside, I know who's going to be there the last of this month—that Miss Bradley, Mrs. Floyd's niece."

"Cousin," corrected George.

"Is it? Cousin, then. She's a lively girl; she and I would make a pair. Only she don't look very strong."

"I thought," said he, "that she was going to Ocon—Ocon—"

Cornelia gave an encouraging ha, ha! "That's right! Take time and you'll get it. Now, then; Ocono—"

"Ocono—"

"Mowoc."

"Mowoc."

"Oconomowoc; easy enough when you have it. Accent on second syllable. The only trouble is when you write it; you never know where to stop. Well, so she *is* going to Oconomowoc, later—to stay through July. They're only twelve miles apart."

"You know Miss Bradley, then?" Abbie asked Ogden. "She was over here once or twice, to see—Mayme. She seemed like a real nice girl."

Ogden bowed assent. He found himself as unwilling to discuss Jessie Bradley with Abbie Brainard as he had been to discuss Abbie Brainard with Jessie Bradley. Whenever he debated them it was a silent debate, in which he himself took both sides.

"She's a high-stepper," volunteered Cornelia, filling in Ogden's silence. "Good deal of style, too. Yet they say her father isn't so extra well off. She's a great contriver, I expect. Well, gumption goes a long ways; it's wriggled *me* off my back a good many times." She turned to Burt. "Now, then, young man, do you want to walk me along to the Park? Haven't we roosted about long enough?"

"All right," said he, getting up promptly. He seemed to be smiling appreciatively at her pertness.

"Ta!" cried Cornelia, dabbing her hand to Ogden and Abbie; and off she went. "Perhaps you'll see us later—if you're good!"

A big, bulky figure came stamping along the walk, and reached the foot of the steps just as Burt and Cornelia started off.

"I guess they'll be good," a heavy voice said. The voice was not greatly disguised by its assumption of unaccustomed jocularity, and George, with a flush, recognized it as Brainard's.

"Well, Abbie," he said, lumbering up the steps. And, "How are you, Ogden?" he said to George, as he passed on and seated himself with a loud grunt on his wife's chair.

George bit his lip: the old man had no business to misuse other people's pronouns in that way. Cornelia's "you" might have meant one person; if it meant more than one, still it might have meant them separately; but Brainard's perverting "they" bracketed him and his companion in a fashion utterly unwarranted.

Brainard lingered a few moments above their heads. He made one or two clumsy attempts at facetiousness, and George surmised that this was his way of showing a friendliness. But his joking was much more painful than any hectoring could have been, and George was greatly relieved when he presently rose and retired unceremoniously into the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FORT MONROE CLUB.

Away back "before the war" a school of application for artillery was established in our largest permanent work, where officers might learn to use the weapon which a peaceful and economical government provided. Cannon were simple, duties were light, and hours of leisure many (twenty-four daily, or thereabouts), and so the officers bought them a billiard table, and, after grave conference, organized the Old Point Billiard Club. Table and guns have been ousted years since, and with players and gunners relegated to the scrap-heap of memory.

With the modern guns, complex duties, and scant leisure of to-day we are not now concerned; but if fitness is the aim of evolution, the "Fort Monroe Club" not only does exist, but had to exist. Like a nation without a history, it is happy—content in the vaultlike casemates from which the ancient cannon have been taken, the rough masonry covered over with Southern pine, and embrasures and archways draped with portières or here and there with battle-flags. From the walls a score or more of old heroes of the army and navy look out from their frames in preposterous uniforms, a few colored prints of battles, some original drawings of military subjects by Zogbaum, Remington, Nast, and others, and, above all, a full-length of St. Barbara, gentlest of patron saints, very much at home among her *protégés*. The furniture is plain, befitting a soldier's barrack, albeit the sideboard is bright with costly glass, the gifts of civilians who have enjoyed the quiet hospitality of the place, and gone away to remember its quaint charm. Through the long summers open doors and windows disclose backgrounds of ivy and woodbine clambering over the ramp, and from the live-oaks in the fort, where birds have nested untroubled for a hundred years, comes a flood of song. Being in Virginia, there is a mint-bed somewhere, which the colored steward and his assistants cultivate.

Article I. of the constitution reads: "This association shall be called the Fort Monroe Club, and be composed of officers of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps of the United States.... Officers of either service not on duty at Fort Monroe and civilians may be elected to honorary membership by a unanimous vote of the active members present at Fort Monroe.. Members who leave the service honorably do not forfeit thereby their membership."

The membership, including non-residents, is about five hundred, with a generous sprinkling of navy men. There is one honorary member, General Schofield, and there has been only one other, General Hunt, of the artillery. Perhaps much of the attraction of the club is due to the fact that all members have the same profession, the same interests and aims, and practically the same means. Certainly much of its conservatism is due to this; and it is hopelessly conservative. It is said that at club meetings every one, including the proposer, invariably votes "no" on every proposition, excepting only on a motion to adjourn.

While necessarily exclusive and naturally conservative, the club extends a generous welcome to hundreds of guests every year, with perhaps a warm heart-corner for those who are skilful with pencil or pen, and it is well known to many outside of military circles in both continents.

It is an unwritten law that there shall be no gambling, and there is none, while a by-law which prohibits "treating" helps to make excesses rare or unknown. The moral atmosphere, as stamped by talk or song or story, is good and pure, as it should be—and, maybe, is not—in every club.

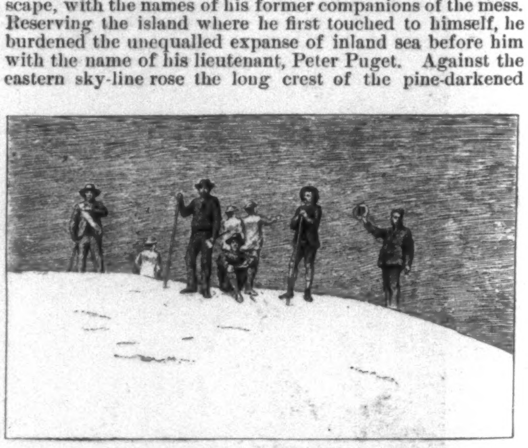
THE PROPOSED NEW NATIONAL PARK.

It is not a little surprising that a region rivalling in scenic grandeur and interest either the Yellowstone or the Yosemite should, compared with the wide fame of these latter, be so little generally known. Back from the inmost waters of Puget Sound rises the most majestic and imposing mountain peak to be found on the continent. Its base resting at the water's edge, Mount Rainier, or, to employ the aboriginal name, Takhoma, lifts its snow-burnished dome a sheer 14,400 feet in the air, or twice the apparent height of Pike's Peak. Round about the mountain as an axis, radiating like the spokes of a huge wheel, is the greatest glacial system in the world. On its rocky, deep-furrowed sides are cradled some fourteen of the larger glaciers, from six to twelve miles in length, and as many smaller. From the midst of these, for a clear mile above, rise the summit and shoulders of the mountain—a *mer de glace*, a sea of snow and ice.

On the southern slope of the mountain lies Paradise Valley, with all the sublimity of view and the gorgeous coloring of the Grand Cañon. On the north is Lost River, tumbling in high cascades a distance of 4000 feet, and finally disappearing in a subterranean cavern. On the southwest, again, are the Palisades of the Nesqually, presenting a perpendicular face of 2000 feet. Hot and mineral springs abound, while the base is covered with a dense, almost impassable jungle of forest.

It is this region which it is proposed to erect into a new national park. The initial steps thereto have been taken. As one of the closing acts of his administration, President Harrison issued a proclamation setting aside an area of 1500 square miles to be known as the "Pacific Forestry Reserve." The reserve is some forty miles in width, east and west, and thirty-five miles long. It includes one of the most varied, inspiring, and scenically opulent regions in the world, and the incoming Congress will be asked to make the withdrawal of the land permanent, and join the State of Washington in an appropriation sufficient to build a wagon road about the mountain, and make it otherwise accessible to tourists and explorers.

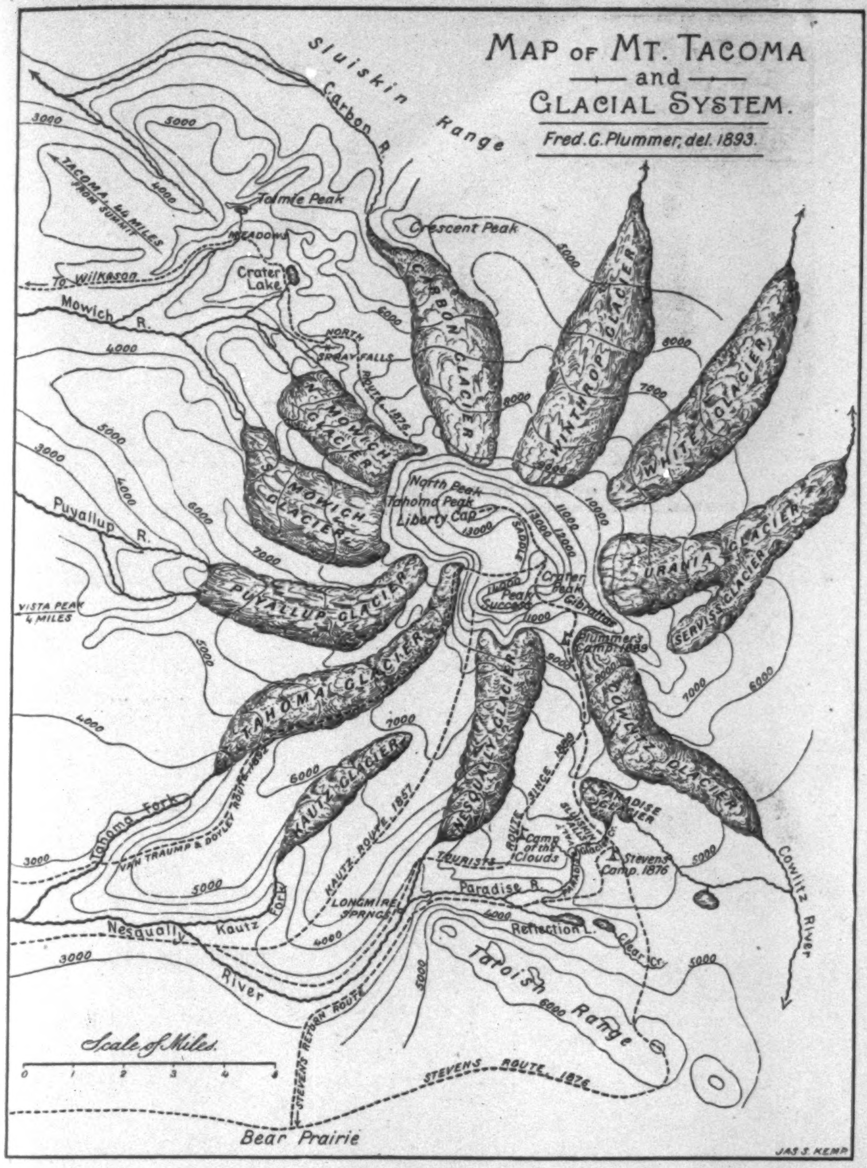
The name of the new park, as of the mountain itself, has already grown to a bone of serious contention between the neighboring cities of Seattle and Tacoma, involving as it does their rival ambitions. Just a century ago, when George Vancouver, of the British royal navy, entered the strait of Fuca and sailed up the beautiful body of water before him, he beheld what was to him an unknown land, enchanting of view and air. Assuming the right of a discoverer, he proceeded to a reckless libel of every available point of the landscape, with the names of his former companions of the mess. Reserving the island where he first touched to himself, he burdened the unequalled expanse of inland sea before him with the name of his lieutenant, Peter Puget. Against the eastern sky-line rose the long crest of the pine-darkened



ON THE SUMMIT, CRATER PEAK.
Altitude, 14,444 feet.

Cascades, while far above, spacing the horizon at intervals of a hundred miles, were lifted the snow cones of three immense extinct volcanoes, and these he christened, from three British lords of the Admiralty, Hood, Baker, and Rainier.

Now Vancouver, be it said, was not a discoverer. Spanish settlements existed on the sound when he came, and Spanish, Italian, and Japanese explorers had visited and mapped the three region before him. Nor is it easy to see why on these three superb peaks should be saddled the names of three nautical nobodies, who never saw the peaks nor even the continent on which they rest. For the last and greatest of the three mountains the Indians who dwelt at its feet had a far more musical and proper name. They called it, in their varying dialects, Tah-ho-ma, Tah-co-mah, or Tah-co-bet. In 1853,



Theodore Winthrop, the poet, anglicized the name to Tacoma, and from this the present city of that name was christened. The Tacomans, it is needless to say, espouse the Indian name, which means, in the Nesqually-Puyallup dialect, "nourishing breasts," and hence the great mountain whose breasts nourish the adjacent country.

The aspect of Mount Tacoma from the high bluffs of the city is one that baffles the photographer's art, as it has so far defied the artist's skill. Thousands of negatives have been spoiled, nor has any painting yet been made worthy of exhibition. All alike fail of producing even a moderate counterfeit of the living reality. Although distant from the city forty-three miles, the mountain seems hardly ten, so low and overhung with a blue haze is the intervening country. From out of this murk up towers Tacoma's Jovian front, a robe of purple forest circling its base, succeeded by the black crevasses and rocky ribs worn by glacial ploughshares, while above for more than half its height breast, shoulders, and broad imperial brow are masked in perpetual and unmelting snow.

Yet finer and more magnificent is the view from Vista Peak, six miles distant from the mountain, and twelve from its summit. Here, after a toilsome and arduous climb up through the deep-shadowed, thick-matted forest, the mountain bursts on the view in all its regal beauty, and here its detail may be studied with accuracy. For those who do not care to brave the perils of the ascent to the top, Vista Peak will be a favorite point of observation. The ascent of Tacoma itself is perhaps, on the whole, less perilous than arduous. No serious accidents have yet befallen any of its daring climbers. The first white man to gain the top was General (then Lieutenant) A. V. Kautz, who in 1857 left Fort Steilacoom with two companions and an Indian guide. They followed the high ridge to the left of the Nesqually Glacier, and reached the saddle-back below Peak Success, but hunger forced them to an immediate descent.

A more successful attempt to explore the top of the mountain was made in 1870 by General Hazard Stevens and P. B. Van Trump, accompanied by the old Indian guide Sluiskin. They chose what is now the accepted route, through Paradise Park and up by the side of the Cowlitz Glacier and Gibraltar Rock, reached Crater Peak and Peak Success, and spent a night in the crater caverns. Sluiskin awaited them about half-way up, in reality never expecting their return. No amount of urging would induce him to make the ascent. Tah-ho-ma he regarded as the dread abode of an evil spirit who would hurl avalanches on the impious mortal who dared to penetrate his sacred precincts. The Indian superstition of the mountain is general, and in the picturesque legends of these red men there runs the story of one who climbed to the top and found there a fiery lake, but was hurled down by the spirit who abides there, indicating that the mountain has been in eruption within legendary times.

Van Trump, at a subsequent ascent, reached Liberty Cap, or Tahoma Peak, whose broad, glistening dome gives the contour of the mountain as seen from the sound. Since then several successful ascents have been made, and in 1890 Miss Fay Fuller, a dashing young lady of Tacoma, braved the rigors of the climb, and won the honor of being the first woman to reach the summit.

A popular trip which many now enjoy is to Paradise Park and the Camp of the Clouds. These are on the southern face of the mountain, and are its most interesting and picturesque part. A stage runs as far as Eatonville, a little backwoods settlement in the very depths of the forest. Thirty miles further, or sixty in all from the railroad, are Longmire Springs, valuable for their medicinal qualities and hot baths. The owner, James Longmire, is a hardy mountain-climber, and the most accomplished raconteur of the region. Paradise Valley is but a few miles distant. It is here that Nature revels in her most gorgeous scenic and chromatic effects. The valley is a deep, broad, natural park, in the shape of an uncompleted horseshoe. It is about ten miles in length and two wide, and carpeted with a luxuriant and tropical foliage. The landscape is spread with flowers of every hue and blend, as if the sunlight filtered through some vast prism. Not far distant are the towering basaltic columns of the huge walls of the Nesqually Palisades, three times the height of the Palisades of the Hudson.

Near the head of the park are the beautiful Paradise or Sluiskin Falls, which leap the high brink above and shimmer down to the rocky depths below. Paradise Glacier lies at the extreme head of the park, while back and far above are the huge dazzling flanks of the great Cowlitz ice-field. Away to the left and over the ridge is its companion giant, the Nesqually. Camp of the Clouds lies on this high ridge between the two. A little lake nestles at the foot of the ridge, while away to the southward, a hundred miles to the Columbia, the rough broken country stretches away like the dark angry waves of a choppy sea. St. Helen's, or Tah-one-lat-clah ("five mountain"), lifts its cold crater in the distance, and, far beyond, Mount Adams and Mount Hood. From the Camp of the Clouds begins the real ascent.

When it is remembered that Paradise Park is at an elevation of 6500 feet, and is merely a "half-way station," some data for a conception of the climb may be had. The Camp of the Clouds is at a higher elevation than is the top of Pike's Peak above the city of Denver. There is still a mile and a third to be scaled before the summit of Tacoma is attained—7000 feet of ascent over thin rocky ridges and slippery glaciers that bend on either side into engulfing chasms a thousand or more feet in depth, along narrow ledges by the side of sheer precipices, around Gibraltar Rock, cutting each slow step in the ice, and all in air so thin that fifteen steps is sufficient to exhaust for the moment strong men. Not infrequently, too, the wind blows a frightful gale, adding to the perils and hardships of the journey. The ice affords insecure footing, the snow is blinding, and the cold bitter and penetrating. There is no water, there is a quenchless thirst, and food is usually nauseating. Vegetation has been left a mile below. It will be seen that those who attain the honor of an ascent gain it at no light cost.

The equipment for climbing is similar to that in the Alps. Heavy flannels are donned, boots heavily corked, the face blacked with charcoal and grease, goggles are worn, head and ears and hands carefully muffled. With ice-hatchet and stock, and tied together to a rope at intervals of fifty feet, the party is ready for the tug. The climb from Plummer's Camp, 4000 feet above the Camp of the Clouds, begun at daybreak, occupies till late in the afternoon. Gibraltar Rock, the most perilous part of the journey, must be surmounted before the sun has begun to loosen the rocks, or, worse, an avalanche.

The character of the summit may be understood from the accompanying map, furnished me by Mr. Frederick G. Plummer, civil engineer, whose knowledge of Mount Tacoma is authoritative, and to whom I am indebted for much of the material for this article. The top is in the shape of a giant crescent, three miles in curving length, with Liberty Cap, or Tahoma Peak at the northern extremity, Peak Success at the southern, and Crater Peak in the bend. Disposed about Crater Peak are two broad craters, joined on one side, from whose caverns pour streams of hot sulphurous steam. These form beautiful grottos of brilliant green ice, and in these latter the climbers must spend the night, the steam toasting them on one side and freezing solid on the other. A terrific wind usually prevails on the summit, and the view, it must be said, does not equal that of a lower altitude. It is too high up, and the country below, when not obscured by the clouds, appears a dark, streaked, and broken floor. Nevertheless, the ascent is the experience of a lifetime.

Another interesting trip is to the opposite side of the mountain to Paradise Park, into the region of the great Mowich Glacier. The route is *viâ* the coal mines of Wilkeson, and is not more than twenty-five miles from the railroad. Here is seen the long cascades of Lace Falls, which tumble down the mountain 4000 feet. Here is seen also the curious disappearance of Lost River into the bowels of the earth. The ascent of the glacier affords a magnificent view of the sound, the Olympics, Mount Baker—or Slushan, as I prefer it—and the circumjacent country. But the summit is not accessible from this side.

Some idea of the immensity of this volcanic pile will be gained when I note that at 5500 feet altitude—the snow-line—the mountain is twelve miles in diameter. It contains, roughly, some 200 cubic miles of ice, rock, and molten lava; for it is by no means extinct, and has mild eruptions at intervals, and frequently rocks the sound country with a gentle earthquake jar.

Space limits will permit but a brief reference to the glaciers. They occupy, General Stevens asserts, a region equal in extent to Massachusetts. The glaciers, some thirty in number, range from a mile to twelve miles in length, are frequently more than a mile in width, and from 400 to 600 feet in depth. The snow-fields number into the hundreds. The largest of the glaciers is perhaps the Tahoma, seven miles long, a mile wide, and 600 feet in depth. The White Glacier is twelve miles in length, and from it issues a considerable amount of water. From the Nesqually glacier, one of the largest, bursts in full head the Nesqually River—a turbulent milk-white stream fifty feet wide and waist-deep. In all, six large rivers, flowing to different points of the compass, take their rise in this great field of ice.

The whole region included in the proposed park abounds in beautiful snow-fed lakes of limpid depth, roaring cataracts, rocky deep-furrowed cañons, and mineral springs, to say nothing of mountain game. It includes, too, another wonder of nature—a forest that rivals an Amazon jungle. Nourished by the rich volcanic soil and the heavy rainfall, the firs and cedars grow to a height of 300 and 350 feet, while about their close-nestling trunks lie the fallen giants and the thick luxuriant undergrowth, all in wild confusion—an almost impassable natural stockade. There are sections in this park from which, it is said, 50,000,000 feet of lumber may be cut—an almost unheard-of yield.

Taken as a whole, the region included in the proposed park is one of marvellous and unique interest, where wild and rugged character and formidable inaccessibility have hitherto prevented the attainment of its just fame. The Alps are its counterpart, but far from its equal, while Tacoma itself might be fitly described as the American Matterhorn.

CARL SNYDER.

A THOUGHT.

HERE in my heart's a tumult
  As of great foes at strife:
Grim forces aye contending
  For regnancy o'er life.

And somewhere there's an acre
  Still-eloquent as God,
Where sun and wind meet mildly
  And simple daisies nod.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

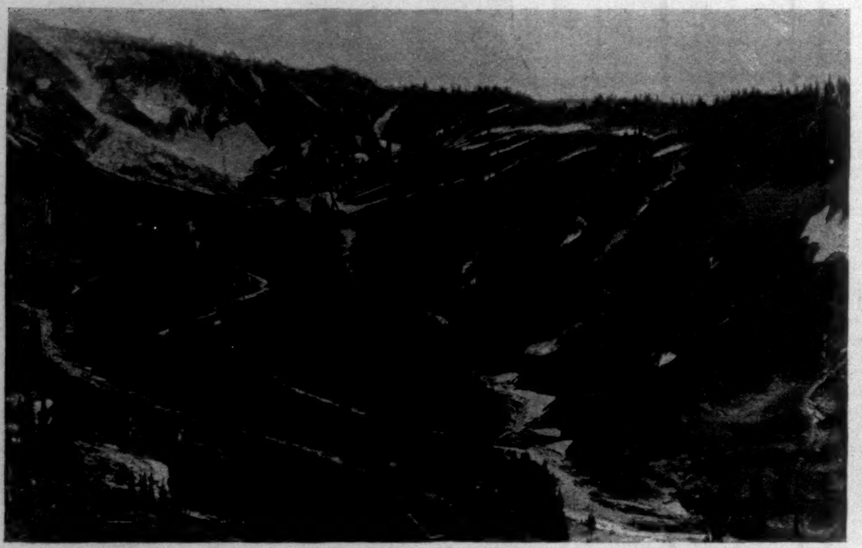
"YOUR *NAME* IS PERFECTLY FAMILIAR, BUT I CANNOT RECALL YOUR FACE."

WHERE THE TUG BEGINS ON THE PATH OF ASCENT,
Showing Gibraltar Rock 9000 Feet High in Front, Cathedral Rock to the Right, the Summit in the Distance. Altitude, 9000 Feet.—From a Photograph by Mitchell, Puyallup.

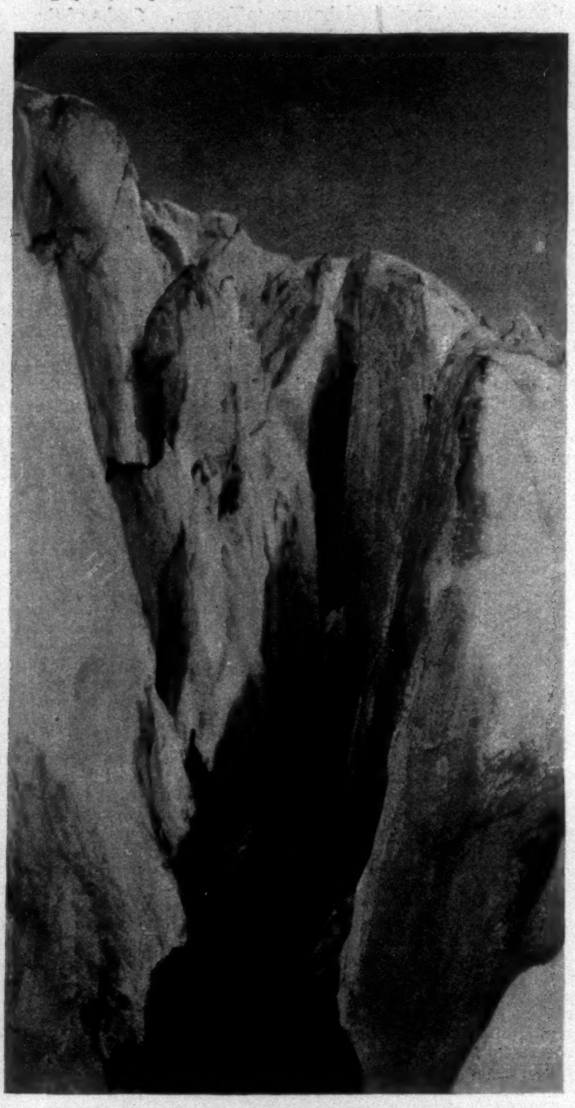
MOUTH OF THE GREAT NESQUALLY GLACIER.
Nesqually River bursts in Full Head from the Rocks in the Foreground.—From a Photograph by Mitchell, Puyallup.

VIEW OF MOUNT TACOMA FROM BACK OF CITY.—From a Photograph by Carpenter.

LOOKING SOUTHWARD ACROSS SOUTH GLACIER, PUYALLUP RIVER.
From a Photograph by Davidson.

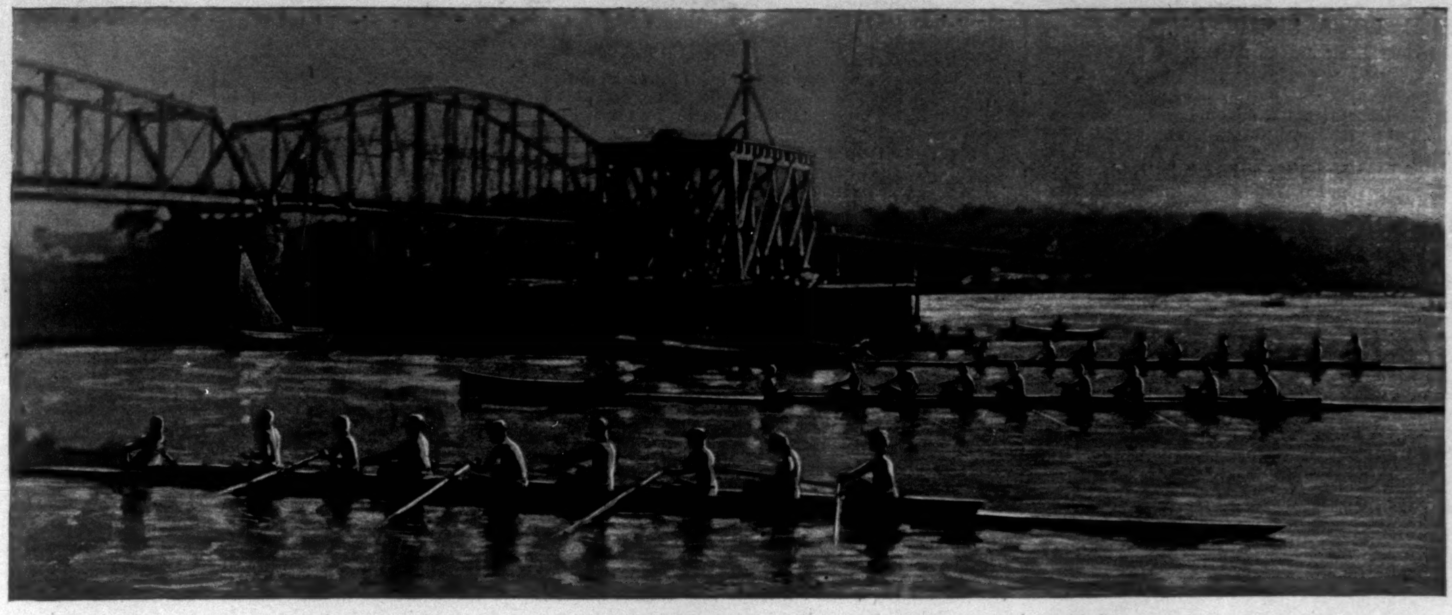


UPPER END OF PARADISE VALLEY.
From a Photograph by Schweigart.



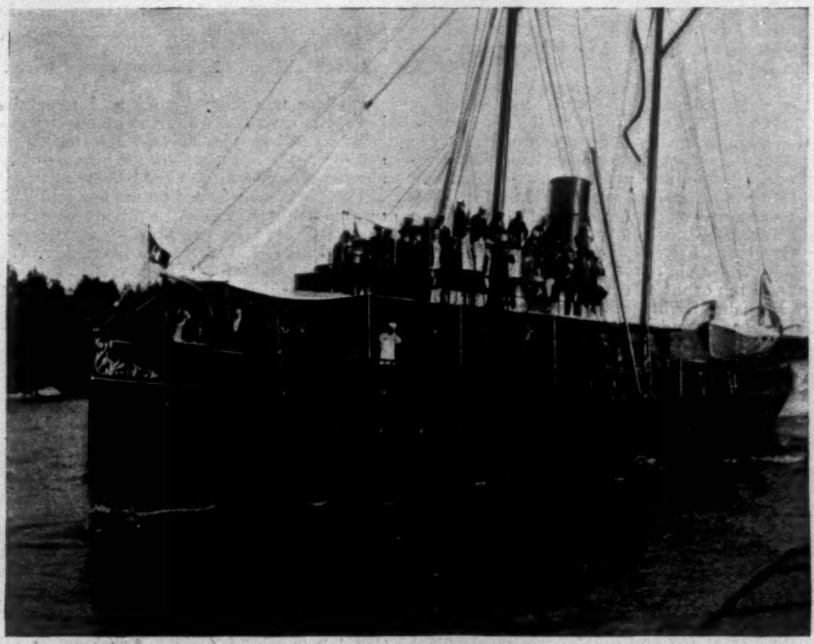
A CREVASSE IN THE NESQUALLY GLACIER.
1000 Feet Deep. Altitude, 10,000 feet.—From a Photograph by W. O. Amsden.

THE PROPOSED NEW NATIONAL PARK.—[See Page 674.]

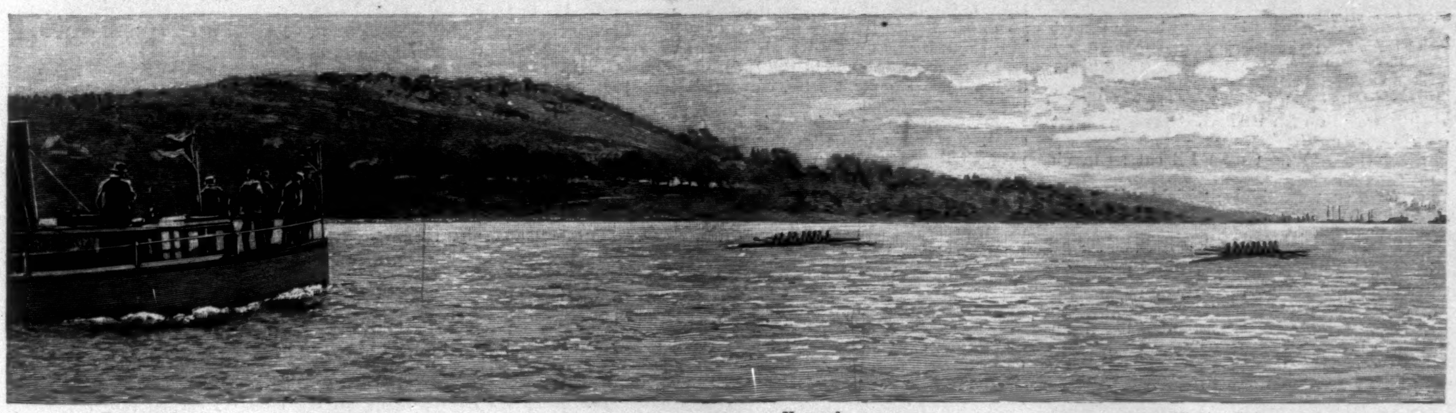


FRESHMAN START—COLUMBIA, YALE, AND HARVARD—JUNE 28TH.

THE 'VARSITY RACE.
Representatives of the Press on Board the *Manhanset*.



WATCHING THE RACE FROM THE "CORA."



Referee's boat. Harvard. Yale.

THE FIRST HALF-MILE OF THE 'VARSITY RACE.

Harvard. Yale.

THE FINISH.

THE HARVARD-YALE BOAT-RACE AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARDSON.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT."]

THE LOST SIXPENCE.

BY WILLIAM JAMES BAKER.

LAST summer my friends thought I needed a change of air. Old Dr. Blakeslee said: "Well—um—yes, undoubtedly. By all means. Anyway, it could do no harm. Perhaps you might try it; but go among the hills, and be careful you don't catch cold."

So the middle of June found me, gripsack in hand, walking up the dusty road from De Wittville to Pine Hill. The railroad has a station at the former place. There was none when I was a boy, but I had often walked the four miles, for much of my schooling was done in the valley, with my home in Pine Hill as a base of supplies.

That day it was something over thirty years since I had seen either place.

The once familiar features of the country seemed at first strange to me. The hills were lower and not so steep, though before I got to Pine Hill I was convinced that the distance was not diminished. Timber had been cut down here and there, and in a few places new growth was perceptible. Every turn of the road remained the same. Some of the old houses were deserted, and two or three quite pretentious modern structures had been erected, but there were more new barns than houses.

Near Pine Hill the country was wilder, but even there to a great extent the old worm-fences had been removed and the atrocious barbed wire substituted—very inconvenient for the chipmonks. But in the pastures the cows were grazing and switching the flies with their tails as contentedly among the yellow buttercups and white daisies as their great-grandmothers had done twoscore years before.

The sky was blue, the clouds bright, and the sun very hot indeed.

It was nearly noon when I entered the little tavern on Pine Hill. Here the boys used to congregate after school to see Barnabas Smith drive his stage-coach up. Round the corner it came, with blast of horn and explosive whip-shots, rocking like a boat. Barnabas always reined his horses suddenly on their haunches, tossed the mail-bag out, and jumped down before the steeds could right themselves. Then he walked up on the tavern stoop, thrust his hands into his pockets, and stood while the hostler watered each of the four horses in turn. Barnabas knew everybody, but rarely saluted any one. Sometimes a passenger alighted and stretched his legs while he smoked a cigar. In a few minutes Barnabas would call out, "All aboard!" toss up the mail-pouch that Thomas Kelly had brought, swing himself up, grasp the reins, crack his whip again like half a dozen pistol-shots. There was a clatter of hoofs, a roll of wheels, a cloud of dust, and the event of every other day for Pine Hill was over. Barnabas Smith was a great man in those times. To drive a coach and four with his flourish and style seemed to us boys a glorious achievement, and was an openly cherished ambition with many.

To-day there was no one about as I walked into the bar-room. I laid my gripsack on the counter, turned to the pitcher which stood on a rickety wash-stand, poured out some water, and refreshed face and hands, drying on a not over-clean towel. Then with an old splint broom I was dusting my clothes, when a barefooted, tow-headed child opened a side door and stared at me. Then the door closed, and a shrill voice called: "Ma! Ma! There's a man in there!"

"Go an' call yer pa. Don't ye know nothin'?" came the reply, in wiry, acid tones.

In a few minutes there was the thump, thump of a crutch, and a short man entered. He was sunburnt, barefooted—indeed, wore nothing but his shirt, trousers, and a battered straw hat. He looked at me and nodded as he dropped into an arm-chair.

"Thet's right," said he; "make yerself to hum."

I perceived that this was the landlord, so remarking, "Fine day," seated myself.

In the country haste or directness is apt to be construed as bordering on incivility. I therefore waited to give my host the next inning, which he was a good minute in taking.

"Walked, I reckon?"

"Yes," I replied, with as much indifference as possible.

"Waal, ef ye'd knowed I go fur th' mail arternoons 'bout three, ye cud hev rid with me."

"Oh, well, I liked the walk. Guess I'll eat as much dinner as if I'd rode."

"Waal, thet's so." Then, reflectively: "Mebbe dinner 'll be a little late. Alviry Anne she's washin'."

I now understood that I had registered.

The air came in, warm but fresh, through the open door and windows which looked on the once familiar green. The sun glistened on the white houses. No one was stirring. I noticed that the liberty-pole was gone. My thoughts did not incline me to conversation; I was tired with the walk, and having sat a few minutes, began to feel drowsy.

My reverie was interrupted by the landlord, who remarked, "'Pears to me I don't recollect to hev seen yer face before."

"No?" said I. "I think I know you. Isn't your name Smith? Didn't you used to drive the stage?"

"Yes, sir. I did till I got all crippled with this 'ere rheumatiz. Yes, sir! An' no un cud tech Barnabas Smith fur fotching his mail reg'lar! I knew every inch of the twenty-four mile, day an' night, storm an' shine, summer an' winter. Yes, sir! Them days I didn't ever think I'd cum to this. Arter all, it don't make no difference. I've got three acres with the old shebang, an' Alviry Anne—well, she helps."

I had touched the right chord. Barnabas dwelt in a proud past. The glory of the old stage route was his. We speedily became acquainted. He hobbled off to give directions about my dinner, which I ate in solitary state with a clean spread and napkin. Ham, fresh eggs, potatoes, good bread, sweet butter, tea, and a dried-apple pie with orange peel in it. The pie had an old-time flavor, and smacked of my boyhood.

Alviry Anne was not visible; Barnabas waited on me himself. So much for the old stage-coach and leisure. Had I asked in a direct way for my dinner, no doubt I would have taken my chances with the family—a scrub dinner, rude, dirty children, and general disorder.

Barnabas gradually informed me of the fate of the old families. The Baileys had gone West; the Laraboys were all dead, save David, with whom I used to play; he was in a lunatic asylum, incurable. John Welton, another playmate, was a minister. What a rough boy he had been! Ben Brooks was of no account; father and mother both dead. Theodore Hubbard was a lawyer in Chicago, and making heaps of money.

Almost all whom I had known were dead or gone. I began to feel sad. How could I stay a month in this place, so memory-haunted? But my most intimate friend, George Corbett, was still living on the old farm. He has served a year in "Legislater t' th' capital," Barnabas informed me, "an' when he kem eout he sed he'd never stan' another term in sich a kerrup' place. Now he is one of th' 'sessors. Everybody likes George; he's honest. Not a word agin George Corbett."

I determined that when I had rested, in the course of the afternoon, I would renew my acquaintance with George.

"I kin take ye over in my buggy 'fore I go fur th' mail," offered Barnabas.

"I think I'd just as lief walk."

"Ef ye wait till arter supper like ez not George 'll tek ye over himself. He's 'most allers down fur th' mail."

"Guess I won't wait; it's only about a mile."

"Waal, I must say, ye hev powerful feet fur a sick man. Ye'll be back here to sleep? I telled 'Viry Anne."

But though I left my gripsack in the bar-room, I did not go back till the next day.

I cut across a part of the Cedar Swamp, that had been drained and cleared off since we had moved away; now it was planted with corn. Out from the young plants flew a couple of woodcock. In my boyhood I had always supposed these to be young partridge. In the swamp several sure-enough partridge boomed away.

As I drew near I counted two new barns; one was a very large one. The house was the same: red, two-story, overhung with elms, and Virginia-creepers twining all about the porch. An L had been added to it, and everything was in good repair, the yard dressed with a lawn-mower and kept free from rubbish.

George himself came bounding out to meet me; with a whoop he ran past, giving me a light tap on my arm. "You're *it!*" and he ran round the house out of sight. It was George no more; certainly neither he nor I ever addressed strangers in that way. But times are different. For a moment I had been back forty years. A boyish voice called, "Mother, Uncle John has come!"

"Hush, Wallace! That isn't your uncle. I'll go to the door."

Wallace was marvellously as I remembered his father; but *we* hardly played tag with our uncles at sight.

Mrs. Corbett told me that Mr. Corbett was in the field, and offered to send her son for him. But I preferred to go alone, wondering if he would know me.

The hired man leaned on his hoe and looked at me a moment without speaking, then nodded and went on with his work. George looked up with a "Good-afternoon!" but finished his hill of corn and did another. Then, as I waited, he stopped and said, "Fine day!"

"Yes," said I; "it's hot. You are Mr. George Corbett?"

"Yes, sir."

"I used to live about here. You don't remember me? My name is Edward Brockway."

"Well, well, Edward!"—grasping my hand with a pressure that made me frown. "So you're Ed Brockway? Well, I've often wondered how you were coming on, if you were alive! Haven't seen you in nigh on to thirty years. Well, I'm glad you've come. Marx, I guess you can finish what's cultivated before supper. I'll take Bess up. Let's go up to the house, Mr. Brockway."

"No, George," said I, "my name is Ed, just as it used to be."

George's eye gleamed with the retrospective look possible only to people who are past middle life. He stood a moment gazing into the distance, then unhitched the horse and led her, I walking beside him.

I cannot say that it made me young again to renew my acquaintance with George, but it freshened my memory of many people and events, some almost, others quite, forgotten, and was very pleasant.

George, too, was on the right side of everything—politics, the silver question, the tariff, temperance, woman's rights. He was intelligent, up to the times, and moderate. He had no expectation of fixing the world over to his own liking, but, though not satisfied with it as it is, looked for slow and sure improvement in the future. He was prosperous, had a most excellent wife, three children—two girls and the young Wallace.

But there was a skeleton in his closet, a small one—so small that most of us would have swept it up with the rubbish that accumulates in such places, thrown it away, and forgotten all about it.

While we were at supper it came on to rain, and George said to his wife: "I guess, Anna, that Edward will stay with us all night. I meant to have him anyway. Marx can go for the mail and bring his trunk."

"Well," said I, "I promised Smith to be back there to sleep. He was to bring up my trunk when he went to De Wittville. I walked. But if Marx is going, he might bring my satchel."

After supper George and I adjourned to the front room. On the mantel-piece, under a small bell-glass, was what looked like an old coin. When I used to come to see George that was not there. I stood a moment looking at it. I am a bit of a numismatologist myself, so asked, "What is it?"

"Oh, that?" said George, with a laugh that was like a sigh. "That isn't much in your line. It isn't so very old, though it is rare enough nowadays. We used to see them—an old Mexican sixpence."

I did not press him for any further explanation. But old memories were thronging us both, and he was in a communicative mood.

"Come out on the porch," said he. "It's warm and dry there. I've often felt that I would like to tell some one about that, but never did—not even Anna."

We settled ourselves in comfortable chairs, and George began:

"It must have been when I was about eleven years old. I started out for school one morning, and on the walk out there that leads from the side door lay a silver sixpence—that one you just now saw. It was bright then. I picked it up and ran along, thinking I would give it to father at night. I knew it must be his. But I was late. It was in my pocket all day; I looked at it very often. A sixpence was a good deal bigger then than it would be now. Fourth of July was coming, and I kept thinking of the extra bunch of fire-crackers it would buy.

"When I came home at night, while doing the chores and eating supper, I forgot for a little about it; but when I was going to bed it came into my mind, and I recollected, too, that it had not been inquired for. Mother sometimes went through our pockets after we were asleep, so I hid the sixpence. Next morning no sixpence was asked about. It seemed very curious, for father always knew just what change he had about him, and mother and he both knew what was in the house.

"Before school I hid it over again more securely, and I suppose I speculated on the number of crackers there would be in the extra bunch that sixpence might buy more than twenty times. I drew pictures on my slate of myself letting them off singly, in a bunch in a barrel, frightening Parson Hawkes's old Dobbin with them, of Baldwin's yellow dog running with them tied to the end of his tail. There was no limit to the fun to be had from that bunch of crackers. I put them in the school-house stove, and when my fancy saw Miss Salter—she was teaching that summer—jump as they blew the stove door open, I laughed out loud. I could not give any reasonable account of my hilarity, and had to sit with the girls the rest of the afternoon; didn't know my lessons, and went to the foot of all my classes. That was the most demoralizing coin I ever heard of, even in fairy tales.

"By night I had made up my mind that the sixpence was mine. Then it seemed a long time to wait—a whole week to the Fourth. I had a bank with some small coins in it. One morning I shook a ten-cent piece out, and at noon I went to Baldwin's and got a bunch of crackers. I did not like as yet to spend that identical sixpence, but kept it in reserve to make good my expenditure.

"Of course the boys found out I had the bunch, and after school they crowded round to know what I was going to do with it. 'Save it for the Fourth.'

"'Ho! what's the use?' said Si Nelson. You remember him. And with that he grabbed them, and was making off. I started after; some of the boys headed him off, shouting, 'That's mean.'

"Why weren't you there?" said George, turning to me. "I don't seem to remember you that evening."

"No," said I. "It must have been one of the times when I went to De Wittville to spend the week of the Fourth. My aunts lived there, you know. I remember hearing about your bunch of crackers, though. But go on."

"Well, the boys all wanted the fun at once; and it seemed to me that the bunch would make a little extra Fourth like. We waited in the wood-shed until Miss Salter was gone. Then Wicks Bartlett ran over to his house and hooked some matches. There were ten of us boys; I gave each one five crackers. We let them off in the shed; they had more 'ring' in them; and in a few minutes there was nothing left but smoke and powder and smell. There hadn't been much fun to the affair, after all.

"We were busy stamping out the burning paper—that is, three or four of us were; the rest cut as soon as the crackers were gone—when Wicks spied his father coming. Mr. Bartlett was one of the school trustees. Wicks ran. I don't know whether his father saw him or not; but the old gentleman gave the rest of us, and me in particular, a dreadful scolding for endangering the school-house. 'Didn't we know we might set it on fire?' One of the boys was saucy, and told him he had better keep his own boy to home, then, which was not very honorable, according to our code, but we understood that Wicks's ma generally shielded him."

"Yes," said I, "I remember when Wicks fired a lead cannon in that same shed; it burst, and a piece grazed a girl's arm. Bartlett came over red-hot, but cooled off suddenly when he found the cannon was his own boy's casting."

"I went home quite down-cast," George resumed, "for I knew that father would hear about the escapade, and I would have to settle with him. Sure enough, he had ridden by unobserved, and had seen the crackers going off. He called me to account for spending money without permission, but I did not own up about the sixpence, and no inquiries were ever made about it.

"I was not allowed to have any more Fourth of July for that year. There was a Sunday-school picnic and doings, but I had to stay home 'to look after things.' Along in the afternoon I was lonesome and angry with that sixpence; it seemed to me to be the cause of all my misfortunes. I took it, went behind the barn, and flung it away as far as I could. Then I remembered that it was father's money, and went to look for it. I could not find it, of course, and my conscience began to smite me. I had the same as stolen it, and now it was out of my power to replace it. I went to my bank and shook it, but there was no sixpence in it. I took a ten-cent piece and slipped it into a pocket in one of father's vests. For a little while I thought that now it was all right. Then I remembered about restoring fourfold, and slipped another ten cents into another pocket.

"Next day I had a curious feeling when I heard father ask mother about those two extra ten-cent pieces. It was a guilty feeling, as though I had been lying, and I was more than before dissatisfied with myself. I got a monomania—it must have been—of restitution. Any one whom I could remember to have wronged in the most fanciful way I did the fourfold back again to, and was liberal against myself. I think I must have put three or four dollars in ten-cent pieces into father's pockets. Sixpences did not seem right unless I could have found *that* sixpence.

"Father was puzzled, and mother too, but they never guessed the truth. All that year, and part of the next, I kept putting all the money I earned into ten-cent pieces, and they all went into father's pockets.

"I don't know but that I would be at it still," George concluded, mournfully, "but father died suddenly—fell off a load of hay and broke his neck, you know."

"Why, George," said I, "you seem to take this very much to heart for so small a thing."

"So small?" said he, surprised. "Why, don't you see I was a thief? Yes, that's the right name! It isn't the amount, you know. Stealing is the same, whether it is ten cents or ten thousand dollars. Besides, if I had only told father! He was so kind and just. What reason was there that I didn't own up to him?"

"You were very young then," I observed. "But you have not told me how this is connected with the sixpence you are keeping so carefully."

"No," said George, "I forgot the end of my story. But as to my being young, I was old enough to know the difference between right and wrong: my conduct shows that.

"Well, after father was gone, mother kept the place. My brother Seymour was big and strong, and we were all willing. The fall after father died Seymour was ploughing the lot behind the barn, and he picked up that sixpence. It was black, as you see. He wanted to clean it, but I coaxed him to give it to me."

"How did you know it was *that* sixpence?" I asked.

"There was a mark on it." George had worked himself into a lugubrious frame of mind, and he spoke sadly. We were both silent for a while.

"George," said I, suddenly, "what sort of a mark was it on that sixpence? Had it been punched in the centre and rayed with a sharp tool all around the hole?"

"Yes," said he. "What made you think it?"

"George," said I, "you must surrender that coin to me

with compound interest for all this time. That sixpence is mine! In fact, you'll be lucky if I don't swear out a warrant for you."

"No, no, Ed!" said he. "It is too serious. Don't fool! You don't know what I would give to be able to tell father all about it."

"But, George, that sixpence is mine. Let me tell you. I had just such a coin, and I remember being at your house on an errand one evening, and when I got home that sixpence was gone, and I never found it. Now if it had been your father's money he surely would have inquired about it."

Just then Marx returned with Uncle John, Mrs. Corbett's brother, and my hand-bag.

The next morning George said to me, with a twinkle in his eye, "Ed, I've been talking to Anna, and we both hope you will stay and board out that sixpence."

It was the end of August before I could break away from my good friends; and I had gotten my old self back, for I worked and chored on the farm as well as boarded.

All that summer I heard George Corbett well spoken of, especially his scrupulous integrity; and as often I thought of my sixpence, and how faithfully George had tried to retrieve his one misstep.

But I did not take back my lost sixpence. That stays under the little glass bell yet.

As George shook hands for good-by he said: "You must come again, Ed. You haven't begun to board out that sixpence. You don't know how glad I am that it was yours and not father's!"

FEELING IN EXCELLENT SPIRITS.

THE RUPEE IN INDIA.

A SKETCH.

Ever since the days of Lord Clive and Warren Hastings the rupee has been a potent factor in the interests of the civilized world, but it has been reserved to the year of grace 1893 for this current silver coin to exercise an influence and to produce almost a monetary crisis on this side of the Atlantic. The rupee in India is very much what the silver dollar is to us in America, but with this marked difference, that whilst in India the rupee is a current coin in active circulation, the bright silver dollar with us finds its representative in the dirty dollar bill. It is true that the government of India issues from its treasury notes of values ranging from five rupees upward, but these have in no way superseded the popularity of the rupee. Every servant of government, from the young assistant magistrate to "the general commanding," gets his pay in real white metal, and on pay-day Bindar, the faithful bearer, may be seen trudging home from the treasury with a large netted bag on his shoulder bearing his master's pay, which, if he be the chief magistrate of the division, is not less than 3333 silver coins for the month. Even on Sunday morning, as the young subaltern dons his full-dress uniform and buckles on his sword for "parade service," his faithful attendant, who is usually his master's treasurer, places on the Book of Common Prayer (the present perhaps of a loving sister at home) a silver rupee for the collection.

A string of Bactrian camels are trudging through the dark defiles of the Khyber, guarded by native soldiery. They bend beneath the burden of heavy boxes slung across their curved backs. These boxes contain lacs of rupees (a lac is 100,000), real silver coin and nothing less. Abdur Rahman, the Ameer of Cabool, would never dream of receiving his subsidy in government bills or in a draft upon some Cabool banker. It must be in hard cash!

On the first of the month the British officer who bears the burden and heat of the day on the plains of India settles accounts with his numerous retinue of servants. To the man who cooks his dinner when in camp, and stands behind his chair as he sits at the mess-table of his regiment, he gives eight rupees. To Bindar, the faithful attendant aforesaid, only seven. The perquisites of his offices, commissions on articles purchased, backsheesh for duties done, more than compensate for the smallness of Bindar's pay.

In India salaries are large. The Viceroy, a very king of kings, receives the princely pay of Rs20,833 per mensem, and the governor of a province some Rs10,000.

But what is the value of a rupee? "Ah, there's the rub." It depends entirely whether you are Governor-General, or Thomas Atkins the private soldier, or merely an officer of the army, the magistrate of a district, or some other ordinary person. To Thomas Atkins and his Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India the rupee is worth exactly two shillings of English money, or fifty cents of American. For by statute these extraordinary persons get their rupee at par value in England. But to ordinary beings the case is far otherwise. For the past twenty years or more the depreciation of the rupee has been simply alarming. At one time its value was beyond par, but gradually its worth descended with rapid strides, and if the legislature of British India had not taken some decided steps, this current coin would have been scarcely worth a shilling. Its value has now been fixed at one shilling and fourpence, and Anglo-Indians enjoying the sunny clime of that favored land, and working at the call of duty with the thermometer at 110 in the shade, breathe more freely.

The great manipulator of the rupee in India is the Mahajan, or native banker. This man of money does not trade in stocks or gamble according to the fashion of these civilized days, but he deals in interest—such interest as would have rejoiced the heart of Shylock. As he takes no security, he considers twenty-five per cent. a very just demand. The Ajmeer banker is an inspiration. For native banks never break. Why should they? The leading city bank of a native town usually consists of a table placed at the corner of the street, upon which the banker and his assistant are seated cross-legged "on change," with piles of silver, transacting the money dealings of the people. At sunset the piles of coin are cleared away and placed in a deep recess within the banker's little cell, over which he or his assistant sleeps the livelong night. Sometimes he is killed and the money stolen. This seldom happens. But even then the bank does not break. There are native bankers connected with every European and native regiment, and during my twenty years' residence in a military cantonment I never heard of the failure of one of these regimental bankers. In connection with the government treasuries (and there are treasuries in every large city) a native banker is appointed who handles the money, it being found much safer to intrust it to a native banker than to an English official, and these men, being backed by large Ajmeer firms, seldom forfeit their security.

The Indian banker will give you a hoondee or hindoowee or draft upon almost any city in the Asiatic world from Calcutta to Tashkend or from Bombay to Yarkand. These drafts are always honored, and I have never heard of one of these checks being forged. It would therefore seem that the great Western world has something to learn from these ancient Asiatics in the matter of the ethics of trade. Can it be that there is something less demoralizing in the silver rupee than in the silver dollar? Or is the explanation to be found in the circumstance that the current expenses of banking establishments in Asia and the requirements of a banker's family are so modest that it is not "worth the candle" to risk a trip to the penal settlements of the Andamans for the luxury of doing wrong? These bankers of Ajmeer have probably learnt by long experience that, as Cicero saith, economy is the greatest source of revenue.

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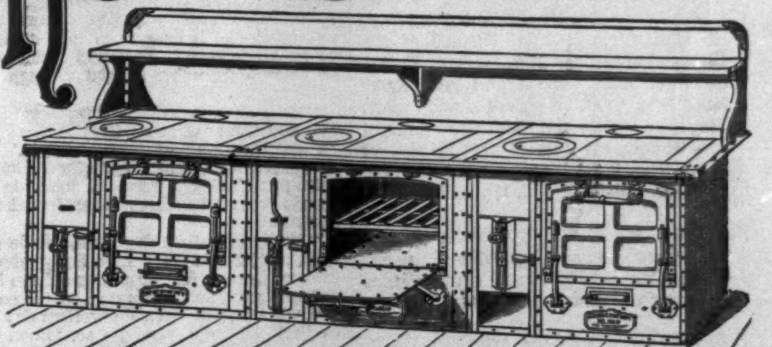

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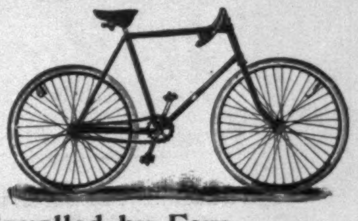

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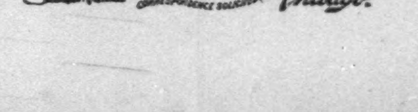

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RUNNERWAY SALLY.

BY SARA L. GUÈRIN.

"MAMMY, won't you tell me 'bout 'Runnerway Sally'? It's so hot, I can *not* go to sleep!"

Mammy looked critically at her six-year-old darling, and then said, decidedly:

"Of cose you kain't, honey. You has scrumped 'roun' so in dat bed de sheets is all in a scruggle, an' you look laik you had de heat. I's gwine bathe off yo' face an' yeres wid dish yere colone, an' den we'll go out in de cool gal'ry, an' rock to sleep to de tune ob yo' deah Sally story.

"Dere! How's Mammy's baby girl feelin' now? I knowed yo' wud feel better when I gets yo' cooled off. I don't guess nobody's very comferble dish yere hot night.

"Now fer dat story. Well, wen mah gre't-gre't-gran'mammy wuz a little gal, 'bout like yo', Tennyssee wuz a wild place, full o' bars an' wolfses an' warmints till yo' couldn't rest fer de racket dey made in de night-time.

"Yo' gre't-gre't-gre't-gran'pappy wuz Ole Marse, jes laik yo' gran'pappy is Ole Marse now, on dis yere very plantashun.

"Little Sally (my gre't-gre't-gran'mammy, yo' know) wuz de peartest an' sassiest an' cutest little niggah in de place. Ole Marse, he laik her kase she hain't skeert o' nottin', not even him.

"One day he scold her fer bein' so sassy, an' she says to him, as peart as yo' please, 'I's gwine to run away, Ole Marse!' An' he looks at her as he jumps on his gran' black hoss an' laffs hard; his eyes twinkle, an' he says, 'I wud if I wuz yo', yo' sassy little baggage; but if yo' goes dis ebenin', be suah yo' takes yo' yaller pup Zip, kase we'd feel so mighty bad if he wuz heah to remind us ob yo' all de time.' Den, wid anudder laff, he gallops off, neber t'inkin' no moh what Sally says.

"Sally she stan's dere a long time t'inkin'. Den she says: 'Cum on, Zip! I don't guess yo' an' me's wanted heah no moh.' Den she goes to de quarters an' gits a chunk ob cohn-pone, an' dey goes off inter de wild woods whar Ole Marse himself wud a bin skeered.

"Well, on an' on dey goes, till de dark, dark night sets in. Den Sally she gits kinder skeered, fer far aways off she heahs de bars growl, jes laik dis yere, so, 'Mo-o-o-o!' and 'Gra-o-owl!' Den de wolfses dey 'gins to bark, laik dis yere, jis so, 'Bow, wow, bow, wow!' only, ob cose, hit seemed worsern' dat; so mighty sollem and fiercelaik hit wuz. Hit skeers me mos' to deff now to t'ink how mighty bad hit wuz.

"Dat poh little niggah she sits down on de groun' an' cries fer a minnut. Zip he know dose drefful noises means trubble, an' he whines an' licks Sally's face. Sally she kiss him an' say: 'Zip, we alls goin' to be et all up—et right up an' our bones *scrunchelled* up by dem wicked bars and wolfses. I's a poh little niggah chile, an' yo' is a little yaller niggah pup; but dat hain't no matter to dem critters; in de dark dey won't know we alls 'longs to Ole Marse; dey'll take us fo' poh w'ite trash! Den down dey'll chaw us.'

"She shivelled all over, laik she's cold. Den she t'inks ob dat cohn-pone, an' she says, 'Zip, le's et de cohn-pone oursefs, nelse de bars 'll git dat too.'

"So dem poh little mites dey et it all up. I guess dey don't hatter have any water to drink, 'twuz so soaked wid tears. Dey felt better affer dey had et, but de growlin' an' barkin' ob de bars an' wolfses kep' soun'en nearer. Sally she t'ink she had better clumb up de big gum-tree, to be safer, yo' know. She didn' have no clo'es on to bodder her but her pinafore, an' dat she take offen her an' tie Zip up in hit. Den she slung him onner back, an' tie hit agin 'roun' her neck, an' 'gin to clim' 'way, 'way up to de top ob de gum-tree; an' dere she stay all dat dark, drefful night. She dident git no chance to gwine to sleep, fer de wolfses foun' her out, an' dey barked an' scratched an' fout wid dersefs all de time. How glad dat niggah chile feel when de mawnin' broke in all hits glory! But dere wuz dem wolfses yit, a-fitin' to git atter. Den Sally say:

"'Zip, I's on'y sed my pra'rs sof' laik. Now I's gwine to *holler;* cose He kain't heah me wid dem wolfses all yawpin' so down dere! Huc cum I's furgit to holler a pra'r befo'?'

"Den Sally holler out, loud an' high:

"'O Lawd Gawd a'mighty! Heah I is—heah I is—poh little niggah Sally; an' Zip is wid me—Zip what hain't never been sassy laik me; right up heah in de top ob a big gum-tree. De wild beasteses is on de groun'; dey's waitin' to et me an' Zip. O Lawd, don't yo' lettem! I's a sassy chile—but I won't no moh! Yo' jis try me once, an' see fer yersef! O Lawd, sen' my Ole Marse dis way, to take me out o' dis yere gum-tree. I 'clare if de wolfses *do* gwine away fum heah, I kain't git down, 'kase I's so stiff fum de dew on me. I's skinched tight in de crotch ob de gum-tree. O Lawd, take good kyah ob poh little Sally an' Zip, fer Gawd's sake. Amen.'

"Honey, I know de Lawd heah dat chile, fer jis den she heah a soun': 'To-o-ot! To-o-ot!!' 'Twuz de hohn, an' den Marse' voice callin', 'Sa-l-ly! Sa-l-ly!' Fust she t'ink 'twuz Gawd talkin' to her, an' she say, sof'ly: 'Yas, Lawd! Heah I is! Heah I is!' laik she's skeered; but when it kem agin: 'To-o-ot! To-o-ot! Sa-l-ly! Sal-l-y!' she knowed it wuz her deah Ole Marse, an' she holler louder an' gladder—but hoa'se an' croupy laik; 'Heah I is, Ole Marse! Heah I is, Ole Marse!' An' Zip he bark an' bark till Ole Marse wuz under de gum-tree, wid all de plantashun niggahs.

"Dey had to fight dem wolfses hard, I kin tell yo', but at las' dey's all skeert away.

"Den big Sam went up dat tree an' got dat poh little chile an' Zip, Sally hollerin' wid de roomatiz pain.

"Ole Marse say, his voice all shaky, 'Brung dat poh chile to me,' an' Sam he lays her in Ole Marse's arms, den leads de hoss, gentle an' sof'ly laik, troo de woods home. Sam he says de tears roll down Ole Marse's face, an' he kep' sayin': 'Poh little chile! Poh little chile!'

"Sally she hed roomatiz fever—de miserys all ober de poh little body. Her Mammy an' Ole Miss nuss her well agin, not in de quarters, but in de gre't house; an' she neber wuz so drefful sassy agin.

"She's ded an' gone, an' so's Ole Marse an' Miss, but yo' is heah an' I is heah. We all's bin servin you alls ever since, an' allers will, please Gawd, till Gabrul's trumpet soun's.

"Now yo' kiss yo' Mammy an' go fer to sleep.

"Our blessed Lawd an' de angels is watchin' over His little w'ite lam's—yes, an' black ones too, fer dey's both kin's. 'Sh-sh-sh-sh dere, now—'sh-sh-sh-sh!"

The rocking-chair ceased swaying back and forth; the child was gently placed on the cool bed, and the linen sheet drawn softly up over the little white-gowned figure.

"I don't guess in all dis yere world dere's chillen laik *ours*, Missy May," said Mammy, later, to the child's mother, "dey's so brave an' fitin' laik. Yo' has to tell 'em de kind o' stories to smoove an' soove 'em to sleep dat wud skeer de kink outern niggah chillen's wool; an' w'ite trash's chillen—dey—*why, dey wud be skeert to deff!*"

A LILY POOL.

BY mossy woodways, under
The arches of the trees,
I followed, lost in wonder,
The bidding of the breeze.

It ever bade me follow
The winding paths along
The fragrant woodland hollow,
Sweet with its sylvan song.

And ever close beside me,
White-footed through the green,
A dulcet voice to guide me,
Went singing all unseen:

Until at last, when o'er me
Outspread the branches cool,
Gleamed suddenly before me
A shaded, tranquil pool.

There in her boudoir stilly,
Lost in delightful dream,
I saw the white-clad Lily—
The princess of the stream.

Then with the woodfolk loyal,
Who live to gladden her,
I hailed the Lily royal,
A willing worshipper.

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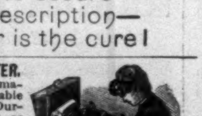

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THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISIT THE GREAT WHITE CITY.

PATERFAMILIAS (*entering the gate at the head of the procession*). "GREAT LAN', GLORIAH! I'D A GIBEN DAT SPOTTED MULE OB MINE FOR DE CONTRAC' OB WHITEWASHIN' DIS YER PLACE!"

AMATEVR SPORT

THE HISTORY OF THE HARVARD-YALE boat-race can be told in a very few words. Harvard led for the first mile, was rowed down in the third half-mile, held during the fourth half-mile, and easily beaten on the home-stretch. The Yale crew won entirely on its merits, and it deserved to win. It was not so finished a crew as last year's, though its form and pluck were put much more severely to the test than were Yale's '92 champions. It was a crew that from start to finish rowed the race as it had been planned, and never for an instant gave evidence of any consternation at being in the rear for the first mile. It won on superior watermanship and recover, and a clean stroke pulled through steadily to the finish. Compared with Yale's rowing, Harvard's appeared somewhat jerky; the blades went into the water with a jab, and there seemed an instant in the middle of the stroke, when the power let up. Yale's stroke was shorter than last year's, while Harvard's was considerably longer; Harvard's, indeed, seemed too long to permit of that steady, smooth gliding forwards and backwards in the boat that characterized Yale's work. The Harvard oars appeared to get hold of more than the men could carry straight through to the end, and made one think of the novice in the gym. who puts twice as many pounds on the pulleys as he can well handle, and then starts off, with the weights nearly jerking his arms out of their sockets at each movement.

There is no excuse to be made for Harvard's defeat. It was a good square beat after a hard, game struggle, and is a triumph of skill, pure and simple, and not of better material (except that it was educated in a more advanced school) or greater strength. The greater strength was probably in the Harvard boat, and no one who saw the race could shake off the impression that, given the Yale stroke as rowed June 30th, the Harvard crew must have won.

IF IT IS NOT THAT THE YALE STROKE is so much the better, why is it the Yale boat, being driven by a fewer number of strokes to the minute than the Harvard shell, continued to gain? There were no breaks in the Harvard boat great enough to explain the inability to hold the lead on a higher stroke. Cummings at 7 was making such tremendous efforts that his work was not very smooth. Vail was a little slow, but there was no "break" to keep the boat back. The men labored like galley-slaves, but they could not carry the stroke through steadily to the very end, and they had no such recover as had Yale; this and their very bad watermanship answer for the defeat. Fennessey sat up to his work like a major, and rowed a fine race from start to finish. No man in the boat worked harder than, or indeed worked so hard as, Cummings; his heaves at the water were mighty, but represented a great deal of wasted effort.

WHILE THE HARVARD MEN ROWED a plucky race, it must be said that had they kept their wits and feathered high in the rough water, they would have certainly made Yale row harder in the last mile, and been nearer it at the finish. It is a matter for expert oarsmen to argue whether Harvard could have won even had the water been smooth, and its inferior watermanship therefore the less of a handicap; or, to go further, it is a question whether it could have won if its watermanship had been fully as good as that of the Yale crew. What won that race for Yale, and what may be said to have won all its races, is the great drive the boat gets by good leg-work, a stroke pulled straight through, and a recover so smooth that the progress of the shell is not retarded for an instant. A quicker stroke and great strength may counterbalance such work for a spurt at the beginning of a race, but with strength anywhere near equal in both boats, the form displayed by the Yale crews and their recover must win in a four-mile pull every time.

IN SPITE OF THE FACT that Yale has won eleven of the eighteen races since the eight-oared annual race was inaugurated between the two in 1876, Harvard has every reason to feel encouraged over the progress made in the form of its crews. The improvement has been slow, but there were many lessons to learn, the last one coming only in 1892, and much time was wasted in changing policies with the breaking up of crews. Yale has been the instructor in rowing, as in football, and Harvard cannot expect to contest on an even footing until it has acquired the skill which the perfect system of its great rival imparts. Last year's football eleven showed what can be done in that direction, and this year's crew, though vanquished, has again demonstrated the necessity of holding to a system, perfecting it by constant practice and study, and, what is quite as important, thereby developing and graduating coaching material. Harvard owes a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Thomas Nelson Perkins, who alone had the burden of coaching the crew from the very beginning until the last two weeks, and to Harry Keyes, who put on the finishing touches at New London.

Not until Harvard has held to one system long enough to have graduated a few capable oarsmen will the crew at Cambridge enjoy the coaching advantages of the Yale crew. Instead of one man, Yale has four able coachers within call during the work at New Haven, to say nothing of an occasional visit from Mr. Cook, while two of the ablest coachers in the country, Robert Cook and Alfred Cowles, do the finishing off on the Thames. In football Yale's coachers are legion, with such a general as Walter Camp always on duty. This is what Harvard needs, and this is what it must patiently work for by sticking to a system. It looks as if it were getting it in football, and another year or two should do as much for rowing.

THE VERY GREATEST NEED Harvard has is a slower recover, and it is to this point all Harvard boating-men must direct their attention if it is hoped to win from Yale. Rowing the stroke they have the last few years, I doubt if any eight men could be found to beat an average crew pulling the Yale stroke and using the Yale recover. There are other facts, too, Harvard men should consider—a better choice of men for nines, elevens, and crews, and a more careful election of captains. A recognized system in each branch of athletics is the step that is certain to bring about the much-to-be-desired result. Harvard's individual material is always of the best; but the system is lacking to round it into the most perfect team-work, and somehow or another that "do-or-die" spirit which is a striking characteristic of all Yale's teams is never apparent. These are facts for all Harvard graduates and undergraduates to digest. Lack of system and lack of spirit are accountable for Harvard's defeats, and no "hard luck" nor anything else can be held up in excuse.

RECORD OF HARVARD-YALE BOAT-RACES UP TO DATE.

Date.	Place.	Oars.	Miles.	Winner.	Time. M. S.
1852	Winnipiseogee	6	3	Harvard...	....
1855	Springfield, Mass...	6	3	" ...	22.00
1859	Worcester, " ...	6	3	" ...	19.18
1860	" " ...	6	3	" ...	18.50
1864, July 30....	" " ...	6	3	Yale	19.01
1865, " 28....	" " ...	6	3	"	*
1866, " 27....	" " ...	6	3	Harvard...	18.43¼
1867, " 19....	" " ...	6	3	" ...	18.12¾
1868, " 24....	" " ...	6	3	" ...	17.48½
1869, " 23....	" " ...	6	3	" ...	18.02
1870, " 23....	" " ...	6	3	" ...	†20.30
1876, June 30....	Springfield, " ...	8	4	Yale	22.02
1877, " 30....	" " ...	8	4	Harvard...	24.30
1878, " 28....	New London, Ct....	8	4	" ...	20.44¾
1879, " 27....	" " " ..	8	4	" ...	22.14
1880, July 1....	" " " ...	8	4	Yale	24.27
1881, " 1....	" " " ...	8	4	"	22.13
1882, June 30....	" " " ...	8	4	Harvard...	20.47½
1883, " 28....	" " " ...	8	4	" ...	25.46½
1884, " 26....	" " " ...	8	4	Yale	20.31
1885, " 26....	" " " ...	8	4	Harvard...	25.15½
1886, July 2....	" " " ...	8	4	Yale	20.41¼
1887, " 1....	" " " ...	8	4	"	22.56
1888, June 29....	" " " ...	8	4	"	20.10
1889, " 29....	" " " ...	8	4	"	21.30
1890, " 27....	" " " ...	8	4	"	21.29
1891, " 26....	" " " ...	8	4	Harvard...	21.23
1892, July 1....	" " " ...	8	4	Yale	20.48
1893, June 30....	" " " ..	8	4	"	25.01½

* Time of this race disputed.

† Race given to Harvard on a claim of foul, Yale's time being 18m. 45s.

HALF-MILE TIME MADE BY EACH CREW.

	Yale. M. S.	Harvard. M. S.
First half-mile.................	2.52	2.51
Second "	3.06½	3.06
Third "	3.01	3.06
Fourth "	3.06	3.07
Fifth "	3.16	3.19
Sixth "	3.17	3.21
Seventh "	3.11	3.09
Eighth "	3.11½	3.16

The time at each half and strokes per minute follow:

	Yale.		Harvard.	
Miles.	Time.	Strokes.	Time.	Strokes.
½	2.52	36	2.51	40
1	5.58½	36	5.57	38
1½	9.00	35	9.03	38
2	12.06	35	12.10	38
2½	15.22	34	15.29	37
3	18.39	34	18.50	38
3½	21.50	35	21.59	36
4	25.01½	36	25.15	36

HARVARD WANTS A MAN LIKE MR. PERKINS or Mr. Keyes at the head of her rowing; the baseball team is already well started on a good system under Mr. Winslow; the football next autumn will be under the direction of Mr. Stewart. These are all steps in the right direction. But these gentlemen must remember that while they know a great deal, they, perhaps, do not know it all. And while they are the ones to direct, they should not overlook the aid which they may have for the asking. No one man can, in these days, bring victory to a Harvard or any other college team. It must come as the result of well-directed, and combined effort. The election too of Colonel Bancroft, Harvard's well-known oarsman, to the Board of Overseers, is good, since it puts one more in the highest office of the university who is in sympathy with the broadest interpretation of college athletics.

Once started under a proper system and success is bound to come to Harvard as often as it comes to Yale, for the material at Cambridge is fully as good as it is at New Haven, and all that is needed is to have that material properly handled.

Just as I am finishing, the mail brings a page from the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* of July, '93, with an article by H. M. Burdett, '74, on the Harvard stroke, which so thoroughly points out the difference in the Harvard and Yale stroke, showing what Harvard loses by the quick recover, and bears so significantly on what has been said here, that we print it in full:

THE HARVARD STROKE.

If, as the figures show, we had in men an initial advantage over Yale of 49 per cent., why were we beaten at New London last year by 54⅕ seconds? In ten years Yale wins six races, with an average stroke of 33.96 to our 35.47 per minute. In the same period Harvard wins four races, with an average stroke of 36.6 to Yale's 40.9 per minute. In the Yale victories we do more than 1⅕ strokes per minute in excess of Yale. In 1892 Yale rows 20 m. 48 s. at 34.75, or 723 strokes. In the same race Harvard rows 21 m. 42⅕ s. at 36, or 781 strokes. This excess of 58 strokes, more than 2⅕ strokes per minute, is 8 per cent. of Yale's 723. This 8 per cent., expressed in feet, is 1695 feet. Assuming the course to be 21,120 feet, Yale's 723 strokes averaged 29.21 feet advance, while Harvard's 781 strokes averaged but 27.04 feet. Yale's 878 strokes averaged 24.05 feet advance; Harvard's 952 strokes averaged 22.18 feet advance.

In 1893, Yale, 25 m. 1⅕ s. at 35.1, or 878 strokes; Harvard, 25.15 at 37.7, or 952 strokes. Excess=2.6 per minute, or 74 strokes, or per cent. .0843, or 1780 feet.

Here, then, we have two remarkable facts: first, Harvard covered 1695 feet more than did Yale; second, Harvard advanced each stroke 2.17 feet less than did Yale. Either condition would insure our defeat. Both together suggest the query: is it possible to go to New London this year with a stroke that will win? Or, rather, shall we go there with a stroke foreordained to lose?

In 1893 Harvard covers 1780 feet more than Yale. Harvard advances each stroke 1.87 feet less than Yale.

Our crew could not do 36 strokes while Harvard does 34.75 except for two conditions. First, the Harvard blade must remain in the water a shorter time than Yale's blade. Hence less work is got out of it. This explains our need of extra strokes. Second, Harvard's quick recover enables her to prepare for the next stroke before Yale can do so with her slower recover. This explains the possibility of extra strokes.

But how account for 58 extra strokes, meaning an extra 1695 feet? If Harvard's quick recover reduces her advance each stroke by 2.17 feet, she has this 2.17 feet to go over again, multiplied by her total strokes, or, in 1892, 781×2.17 feet, or 1695 feet.

In 1893, Harvard has 1.87×952, or 1780 feet to do over a second time.

If we admit as a result of 36 strokes per minute that we do less effective work at each stroke than is possible at 34.75, and, by the quick recover, lose a part of the work done even thus badly, may not the two defects when taken together explain our defeats?

Oxford and Cambridge rowed their last race at 34.5 and 34.7 respectively. A difference of .2 per minute seems slight, yet Oxford beat her rival 66 feet, and broke the record by 34 seconds. We might do worse than follow Oxford's stroke this year. But is it necessary to adopt a stroke which entails 58 extra strokes, or 1695 extra feet, upon the Harvard crew?

H. M. BURDETT.

THE RACE ON THE THAMES THIS YEAR was one of the most interesting in the history of the intercollege contests. Both crews caught the water together, but Harvard went off at a 40-to-the-minute gait, and quickly jumped their shell ahead of Yale, which was rowing 36. Harvard reached the half-mile flag a second before Yale, with all the men well together, and shoving the shell along at a lively pace. At the mile flag Yale had decreased the lead a trifle, and Harvard began to feel the effects of the quick stroke and bad watermanship, and Yale, pulling the same stroke with which they started, passed them at about the mile and a quarter.

Once passed, although pulling their hearts out, Harvard did not seem able to regain the lead, or even pull up even. Their time fell off, and there seemed no one to shake them together. Their great effort in maintaining so rapid a stroke and the rolling of the shell told on them. They had rowed themselves off their stretchers, and seemed unable to get on to them again. Such an exhibition of watermanship as Harvard gave in the third half-mile was hardly to be expected from men who for nearly three months have rowed every day. Had they never rowed better there would be no such surprise, but having done so it was rather unexpected they should begin such an exhibition with the rival crew astern of them. Had they kept their oars off the water on the recover, Yale would not have passed them when they did. But half a mile of pulling and backing water completely tired out the Harvard crew, and from the two-mile flag to the finish Yale had it all their own way. At times they would let Harvard come up a little; then, with well-timed leg-work, regain all that had been lost, and add a little more to their lead. In Harvard's great anxiety to keep ahead the men thought more of a mighty than a timely heave.

YALE, ON THE OTHER HAND, kept steadily at work. While they did splash quite a little, they nevertheless did not allow their shell to roll, and after striking the water once, every man knew enough to lift his oar higher on the next recover.

The strong points in the rowing of the Yale crew were good time with the blades, clean watermanship, a hard drive with the legs, and a slow recover beautifully executed. That with initial material inferior to any since '85 (always excepting '91) this crew should have been brought up to form not so finished as last year's eight, but up to the average, is another evidence of what system can accomplish. Harvard rowed in poor time, with wretched watermanship, a quick recover, and doing little with the legs. The result was what might have been expected, and what every true lover of the sport wants to see, namely, the better crew win.

Although Yale's time reads slow, 25.01⅕, it really was good. The water was the roughest in which a race has ever been pulled at New London, with a very strong wind dead ahead. Under good conditions the time would certainly have been below twenty-one minutes. Harvard's time was 25.15. Yale averaged in weight 166 pounds; Harvard, 169.

THE HARVARD-YALE-COLUMBIA Freshman race on the 28th resulted as expected, Yale showing such marked superiority as to make the contest for first a procession, with Harvard and Columbia struggling for second. Had not No. 7 in the Columbia boat caught a crab Harvard would have had a close shave for second. The most interesting feature of the race was the work of Yale; the form of these youngsters was the best shown by any Freshmen ever seen on the Thames, and they pulled straight through without a break. They rowed the half-mile in 2.15. Cornell in the race with Columbia covered the same distance in 2.17. Yale won over Columbia by about thirteen lengths, while Cornell crossed the line ten lengths in advance of the New-Yorkers. These comparisons show that had Yale and Cornell met the struggle would have been a grand one, with odds in favor of Yale. The times were:

	Half-mile.	Mile.	One and a half miles.	Two miles.
Yale	2.15	4.57	7.30	10.23
Harvard	2.22	5.10	7.52	10.47
Columbia	2.23	5.16	7.59	11.02

Yale had an extremely heavy crew, the average being 171 pounds. Harvard's average was 165⅝, and Columbia's, 158. Yale's wisdom in giving much attention to Freshman rowing has shown itself last year and this, and will still more so next year in the make-up of the 'varsity. It is in the Freshman boat the 'varsity oar gets his preliminary drilling.

THIS FRESHMAN RACE DATES BACK to 1880, when Harvard and Columbia entered into an agreement to pull annually on the Thames an eight-oared two-mile straightaway. In 1886 Yale requested and was granted admittance, and thus the race became triangular. The records are as follows:

Date.	Winner.	Time. M. S.
1880, July 7	Harvard	11.32
1881, June 30	Harvard	...
1882, July 1	Columbia	10.56
1883, June 27	Harvard	11.03
1884, June 26	Columbia	9.43⅕
1885, June 25	Harvard	12.22
1886, July 1	Harvard	11.53
1887, June 30	Columbia	11.13¾
1888, June 28	Columbia	11.54
1889, June 27	Harvard	12.21
1890, June 27	Columbia	10.54
1891, June 24	Columbia	9.41
1892, July 1	Yale	12.03
1893, June 28	Yale	10.23

Columbia has the distinction of rowing the two fastest two miles on the Thames, and one of them, 9.41, stands to-day as the world's record. This year the crew had hard luck, sickness and one thing and another interfering very much with the men's work. Harvard had a touch of hard luck also, but the result of the race was quite in accord with the relative merits of the contestants.

PROBABLY THE MOST INTERESTING feature of the Cup and People's Regatta, which was very successful, held July 4th on the Schuylkill, was the time, 8.12, of the Passaic junior eight for one mile and a half. The best time made in the regatta was 8.05, by the Malta senior eight, the second crew in this event, Fairmont, doing 8.16⅗. The Passaic rowed a crude Yale stroke; and the fact that so many of the boat clubs are securing college coaches shows that the superiority of this stroke is being generally recognized.

There has seldom been a more flagrant exhibition of incompetency than displayed by referee Berens in awarding the four-oared race for the Downing Cup to the Pennsylvania Barge Club crew on the ground of a foul by the Ariel of Baltimore. The race was finished in such a blinding storm that the contestants were completely invisible to the referee. The claim of the local men was allowed despite an utter lack of evidence to substantiate it.

HARVARD WON THE THIRD AND DECIDING GAME (6–4), July 1st, in the baseball series with Yale on timely and scientific batting. Carter did uncommonly well to strike out twelve such men, and to hold them down to four singles, a home run, one three, and one two-bagger. Nothing but the cleverest work could keep such a team of batters from knocking the pitcher out of the box, and clever as was Carter, he could not fool Harvard with his slow ball, for Mason caught one in the first inning for a home run, and Sullivan another in the fourth for two bases, that brought in three runs. Mason's home run in the first unquestionably gave the Harvard team just the encouragement it needed, and kept the men up to the notch they had not reached in the previous two games. It was the only game of the three in which there were earned runs—all the others in the first two games being made, and in fact the games won, entirely on errors. Harvard played good ball; by far the best of the season; they had shown no such team-work in previous games. Mason did a little better in catching Highlands, but his throwing, with one astonishing exception, was no better than what he has shown during the season, and he muffed a foul that was almost in his hands, though this came about by his being hooted at by a small band of Yale *alumni*, directly back of him in the grand stand, whose vigor outweighed their sportsmanship.

THIS REMINDS THAT THE CHEERING in this series has been, generally speaking, really very sportsmanlike, and certainly a great improvement on last year. Legitimate cheering is one of the most attractive and inspiring features of college contests, but hooting at individual players on errors or in attempts to rattle them, and indulging in personalities, turns admiration into disgust. For the sake of good clean sport do let us be gentlemen in the grand stand as well as on the field. It is a remarkable fact that graduates are often greater offenders than the undergraduates.

Trafford played a fine game, his catch off first of a difficult ball being as clever as anything seen in the series. Cook's play was not brilliant. Highlands pitched a great game and made a couple of very hard stops besides. He struck out nine men and allowed five singles, three of them in the ninth inning when he had let up a bit, and one double. Frothingham has made an error in every game, but he has more than evened up by making some remarkable stops, and his three-base hit in the last game was a sure home run had he not fallen at third. Hallowell ends this season as he did last—at the top.

THE YALE TEAM PLAYED HARD AND WELL, and that they should have made a third game necessary speaks volumes for their spirit and the Yale system. Yale lost nothing by the undergraduate rule, the great amount of talk to the contrary notwithstanding. O'Neill, with his professional tendencies, would hardly have been used, and Norton is no better than Beall; Bowers certainly is not in the same class with Carter. But Yale commands admiration by the way this nine, almost second-class compared with Harvard's at the beginning of the season, has been drilled and worked up to a point where they won one game and made the other two very uncertain. Harvard, on the individual strength of her men, should have won all three games, but their play was so uncertain in the first two that it made the third look like Yale's. However, they got in that batting streak spoken of here before, and did what they should have done earlier in the season.

Murphy's muff of Trafford's fly was one of the most astonishing features of the game. Arbuthnot did likewise, with the same result on the spectators, and Case did some very poor base-running between first and second. Stephenson was not up to his record, and Bliss came near being put down for misjudging Mason's hit; but his few steps in really made no difference; the ball was way beyond him.

THE ANNUAL RACE OF THE EASTERN YACHT CLUB was, to say the least, a great disappointment, and in this respect remarkably like all the races so far attempted this season. The fact is that of late years the interest has centred in one or two special classes which for various reasons have come to the fore for the time being. The building of new racers is confined to these special classes, and it has proved well-nigh impossible to get the new yachts ready for the early events, so that as a rule only the old boats are seen, and as they have generally found their place during the preceding season, the slow ones drop out and the classes do not fill. In reality the racing season for large yachts begins with the New York Yacht Club cruise. More than ever is this so the present year when the eighty-six-footers absorb all attention. The Goelet Cup race will be the first in which they will meet, and even then it is a question if some of them will be fully prepared.

The only class in the Eastern race where the result was not a foregone conclusion was in the large schooners. Here *Mayflower* surprised everybody by the way she held *Volunteer*, and unless Commodore Forbes's schooner was decidedly off her best form, the alterations to *Mayflower* have been a great success, for she sailed fast enough to make the result doubtful as long as the breeze held.

THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB was a bit more fortunate in its July 4th regatta than the Eastern, since it did bring out a couple of the new yachts—the *Emerald* and the *Elsie Marie*. In point of sport, however, the Larchmont was far and away in the lead, for the regatta furnished some very interesting races. *Ramona* and *Dauntless* had a grand fight from start to finish, the former winning by six minutes and a half on corrected time. *Emerald* left *Alcæa* nearly out of sight, and the latter appears to be no more of a success this season than she was last, while *Emerald* has much improved in her recent races. *Lasca* seems to be about the only one in her class now that can give her a race, and she was expected to start on the 4th, but failed to do so. *Katrina* and *Huron* renewed old acquaintance, and had a pretty race for half the distance, when *Katrina* reached home first by about five minutes, though getting the race on corrected time by only five seconds. *Huron* quite outdid herself. *Elsie Marie* did only fairly well against *Atlantic* for one leg, and then withdrew, her performance not being up to what was expected. Nothing prettier has ever been seen than the picture made by *Emerald*, *Ramona*, and *Dauntless* leading the fleet, the Larchmont Club flag-ship completely covered with canvas, and the more modern *Emerald* scudding ahead with hardly enough to cover one stick of Commodore Colt's schooner. It was by far the most successful regatta of the year, and the racing good.

THE MIDDLE STATES TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP tournament, held for the second year at Orange, New Jersey, was chiefly remarkable for mediocrity. Only two players among the men showed any quality other than that of promise. Mr. Arthur Foote, a young player from Yale, had no difficulty in winning the open singles, and it was hoped that he would make it interesting both for Mr. Richard Stevens and the spectators in the championship round. But this was not to be, the holder of the cup taking the match in three straight sets, 6–3, 6–3, 6–2. Mr. Stevens was playing his peculiar, patient, colorless game in great form, and he literally wore out the younger man. It must be admitted that Stevens's game is almost invincible among second-class players, whereas he has seldom beaten a first-class man.

Miss Mabel Cahill had no difficulty in winning in the ladies' singles, in which there was a fairly good entry, including Miss Bessie Moore and Miss Helwig.

THE TUXEDO TENNIS TOURNAMENT, always interesting, this year has proved more so than ever, owing to the higher class of entries. The feature of the tournament undoubtedly was the invincible form of Clarence Hobart. In the West Newton tournament the week before he had, on an "off" day, lost a match in two straight sets 6–1, 6–2, to R. D. Wrenn, the Harvard player, but the defeat proved a warning against over-confidence, and Hobart did not repeat the mistake at Tuxedo. Not since his best days in '91 has he shown such form as in the matches this year. He seems to have acquired greater skill than ever in his difficult stroke, and his drives have been so hard that his opponents could do nothing with them. His placing too is a great improvement on anything he has ever done. Larned could do nothing with Hobart, although playing good tennis, and lost—6–1, 6–2. Hovey also lost in two sets, but not until he had made them so close that the result was always in doubt—10–8, 8–6. The surprise of the week was Wrenn's defeat by J. W. Nichols—6–3, 7–5—the former showing little of his usual form. Marion Wright in the final round put up his stoutest game against Hobart, and though succeeding in getting a set—6–2, 6–2, 8–6, he really was out-classed. Neither Hovey nor Larned have yet equalled their last year's form, and each must get much steadier to hope to defeat Hobart. Hobart kept up his pace when he met E. L. Hall for the cup, and though the latter showed rare judgment, and lobbed very cleverly, he could only secure one set. The dirt court suited Hobart, his drives being terrific, and he won handily—6–3, 6–3, 4–6, 6–3.

O. S. Campbell and V. G. Hall made a very poor showing in the doubles, being defeated by Hobart and Hovey 6–0, 11–9, 6–0. Larned and E. L. Hall did better, and in fact came near winning from Hobart and Hovey—6–2, 4–6, 7–5. With this combination in doubles, we are assured at least one interesting match this year in the National championship. Larned and E. L. Hall will always make a match with the Tuxedo winners very uncertain in results.

The State championship being settled this week at Saratoga promises quite as brilliant play as seen last year.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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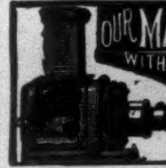

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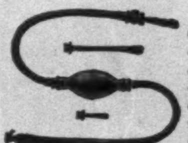

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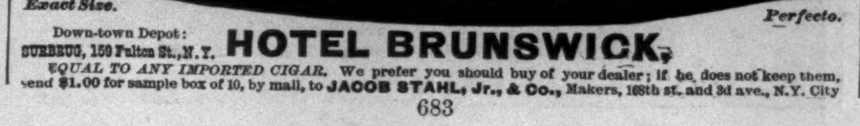

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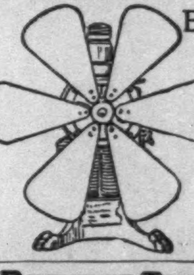

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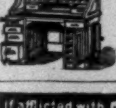

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